

John Dick 313 Strand

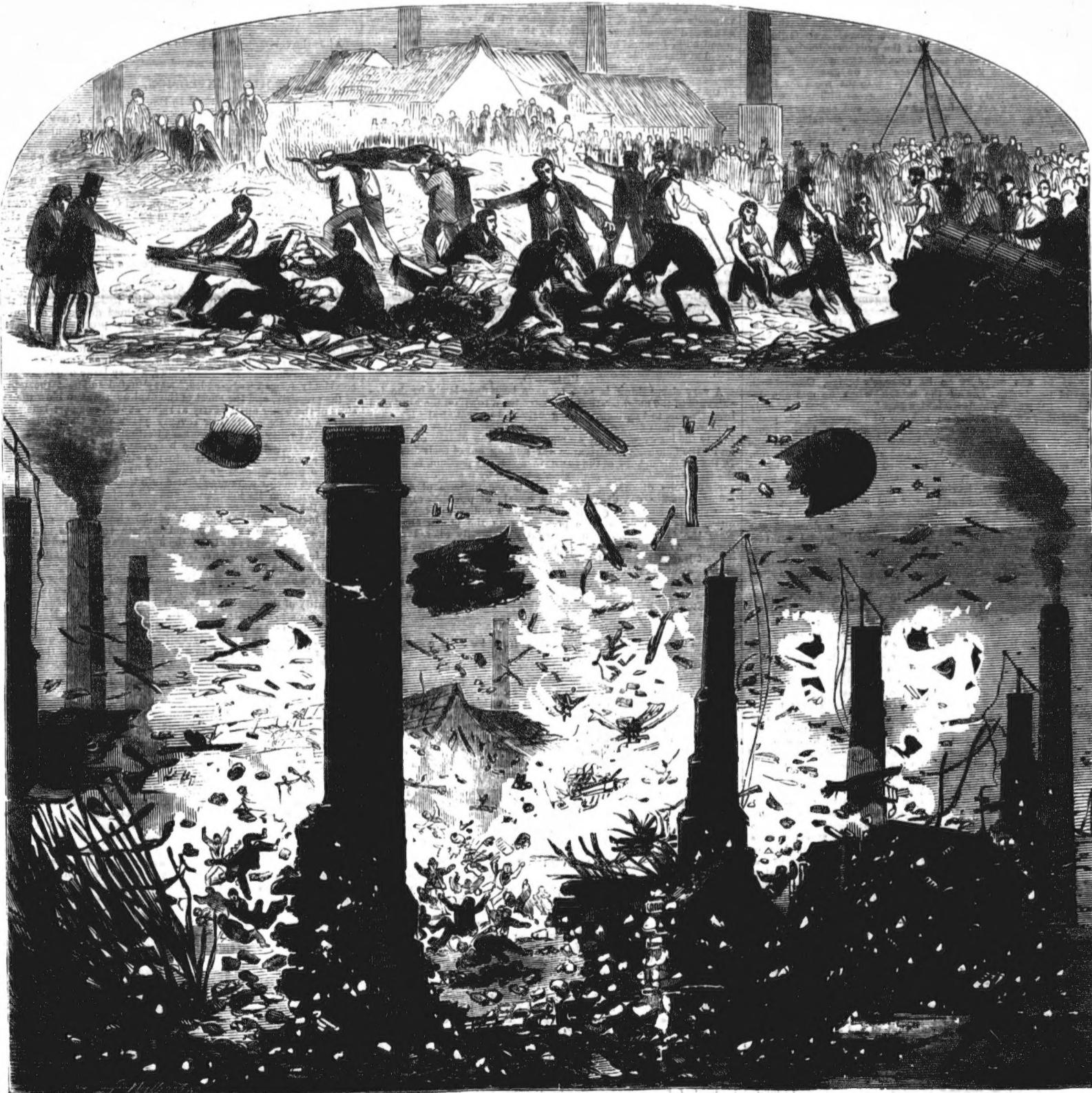
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 39.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE FEARFUL EXPLOSION AT WEST BROMWICH—REMOVAL OF THE DEAD FROM THE RUINS. (See page 610.)

[From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. WILLIAMS.]

Notes of the Week.

At the Cambridge Police-court, on Saturday, Robert F. Bateman, student of Trinity, was charged with ringing the door-bell of Dr Ransome's, on the night of Feb. 26th. Mr. Bateman had been fined £5 on Saturday, Feb. 27, for assaulting a police-constable who had charged him with ringing the bell in question. Dr. Ransome deposed to his bell having been violently rung, but he did not see by whom. The police-constable, Ayes, swore that he saw Bateman's hand on the doctor's bell-handle, and arrested him. The witness had been ordered to watch Dr. Ransome's house, as his bell had been frequently rung at night by idle persons. After some further evidence had been given, the mayor lectured the defendant on his conduct, and fined him 10s. and costs.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in the principality with the view of erecting a Welsh memorial to the late Prince-Consort. At a meeting held at Tenby it was determined that the memorial should be a statue in Sicilian marble, in royal costume, seven feet high (exclusive of the plinth), and subject to the approval of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Mr. John Evans Thomas, the eminent Welsh sculptor, is to be entrusted with the carrying out of the design; and in order to make a decidedly Welsh national monument, it has been agreed to receive small subscriptions from the working classes.

A TELEGRAM from Alexandria, received in Liverpool, brings intelligence of a disaster by fire to the splendid screw steamer Dalmatian, one of the Liverpool and Mediterranean steam fleet. The telegram merely states that the Dalmatian took fire at Alexandria on the 1st of March, and that the hull and fittings of the ship had sustained a considerable amount of damage. When the vessel caught fire two-thirds of her homeward cargo, consisting principally of cotton, wheat, and beans, had been shipped on board.

The Rev. Wm. Alexander Newman, B.A., has been licensed to the curacy of St. Martin with St. Paul, Canterbury.

The Rev. Wm. Price Turton, B.A., is to be instituted to the vicarage of Rivenenden, in the county of Bedford and diocese of Ely, on the fast of the archbishop, the see of Ely being vacant.

At noon on Monday, Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, deputy-coroner, held an inquiry at the London Hospital, respecting the death from fire of Elizabeth Sarah Gilbar, aged five years. Ann Gilbar, 2, Catherine-street, Bethnal-green, said the previous Monday morning she left deceased alone in the parlour for two minutes. There was a large fire in the grate, and there was no guard. She was alarmed by loud screams, and on running into the room she found the deceased in a body of flame. With great difficulty witness succeeded in putting out the blazing clothes, and she was severely burnt herself in doing so. The deceased was shockingly burnt over the whole body, and she died soon after in the hospital. Witness supposed the child went to the grate to play with the fire, and in that way set herself alight. The Coroner said that the greater number of such accidents to children arose from the neglect of parents in not placing guards before fires. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death from fire."

On Monday, Mr. William Carter, the Surrey coroner, held a lengthened inquiry in the board-room of Camberwell Workhouse, respecting the circumstances attending the death of Anne Waters, aged seventy, who was found in the Grand Surrey Canal, by Police-sergeant Newey, of the P division. Mr. Charles Nicholls, one of the relieving overseers of the parish, said that the deceased had been in the habit of receiving money from her friends through him. She received 7s. per week. He did not know where she resided. She came to him by an arrangement made with her friends, who reside in France. She was very dirty in her habits. He never saw her otherwise than sober, but she was a great smoker of tobacco. She had no fixed habitation, but used to wander to and seek shelter in refuges. The sister of the deceased was in the same workhouse, but quite imbecile, and could not give evidence. Henry Stockwell, a watchman, said that he was on duty on St. George's-bridge, Camberwell, so was at the further end of the bridge, when he met the deceased. That was about five minutes past twelve o'clock. Shortly afterwards he saw her sitting on a heap of dirt outside his place. He asked her if she was not afraid of stopping there, as she would catch her death of cold. She said she could not be wetter than she was. He asked her where she lived, and she said in the Church. He told her that she could sit in his shed and dry herself, as he had a good coke fire in it. She remained there about an hour, when he told her that, having dried her clothes, she must go, and he gave her some bread and butter and coffee. Police-constable 815 P. said that he saw the deceased enter the yard of St. George's Church, and he ordered her away. The deceased was almost in a state of nudity. She said several times, "I am perfectly right," and then walked over the bridge. The learned coroner summed up and remarked that there was no direct evidence to how the deceased got into the water, and the jury returned an open verdict of "Found drowned."

A FATAL accident occurred at the Putney Station of the Windsor and Richmond Branch of the London and South-Western Railway about five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. A young man, about twenty-three years of age, whose name is supposed to be George Cruckshank, has been employed by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, the news-agents in the Strand, as keeper of their book and newspaper stall, which, as many of our readers are aware, stands on the up platform of Putney Station. The express down train, which leaves the Waterloo terminus at 4.50 p.m., passes Putney without stopping at 5.5 p.m., and in front of this Cruckshank was foolish enough to run, and succeeded in reaching the down platform in safety, where it is presumed he had some business to transact in a hurry. Seeing the imminent danger which the stall-keeper had risked in thus crossing the line in front of an advancing train, one of the porters cautioned him not to expose himself to such a risk again. His advice was not attended to, and as soon as the express had passed, Cruckshank jumped from the down platform behind the receding train on to the line with the intention of returning to his stall on the up platform. The unfortunate man became the victim of his own rashness, and was knocked down by an engine running past the station on the up rails, smashed in a shocking manner, and killed on the spot. The only intimation of something unusual having occurred which the engine-driver received was the flying of the poor fellow's hat across the engine, which was immediately stopped. Mr. Thorn, the station-master, and several of the porters who had seen the unfortunate occurrence, immediately ran to the spot. The engine had evidently caught the deceased's head, the face of which was so much destroyed that the body, while lying on the ground, looked like a headless trunk.

FATAL RECKLESSNESS ON A RAILWAY.—At the Cranbrook Police-court, George Russell, a railway labourer, was charged with endangering the lives of passengers on the South-Eastern Railway on the night of the 26th of February. Russell and another labourer, named Bugden, had been at a public-house near the line some two miles from that place, and on leaving they placed a trolley upon the down-rails in order to ride home, when the express train, which left London-bridge at 8.55 came up, and, striking the trolley, dashed it to pieces and killed Bugden on the spot. The defendant escaped, and hastened towards Cranbrook to communicate what had happened. The train was going at the rate of about forty-five miles an hour, and had it gone off the line, the most deplorable consequences would have happened. The defendant pleaded "Guilty" to the charge, and the magistrate convicted him in the penalty of £5, or in default one month's imprisonment.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Droit* states that the evidence against Dr. Couty de la Pommerais, accused of having poisoned more than one woman in order to obtain from an insurance company large sums for which their lives were insured, is now complete, and the trial may take place before the Assize Court of Paris next month. It appears that M. de Gouet, the magistrate to whom the investigation of the case was confided, having carefully examined the bedchamber in which the last of the doctor's alleged victims expired, remarked several stains on the floor near the bed. Having been informed that these stains were caused by natural causes, he had the floor scraped. The scrapings having been collected, a pigeon which eat a portion died very quickly. Experiments were likewise made on frogs. The heart of a frog was exposed to view, and, the operation having been carefully performed, the frog lived for a long time without the appearance of any disturbance of its vital functions. A second frog was operated on in a similar manner, and a drop of digitaline was let fall on its heart, that substance having been found in the stomach of the last person supposed to have been poisoned. The movement of the frog's heart diminished gradually, its pulsation became slower, and it very soon died. A very small portion of the scrapings on the floor were placed on the heart of a third frog, and the result was the same. Death ensued almost immediately. The two last frogs died while the first was living, nor did there appear to be any derangement in the pulsation of its heart. It is said that these experiments are to be repeated in presence of the jury summoned to try this mysterious affair.

A letter in the *Salut Public*, of Lyons, says:—

"The general subject of conversation in our aristocratic salons is the winding-up of the affairs of Worms, the celebrated tailor for ladies. You are aware that for one or two winters past none of our élégantes have considered themselves well dressed except by him. It was a complete mania, and the exorbitant prices charged for the article, far from alarming the purchaser, only appeared to add to its vogue. Such a business, as you may well imagine, led to extensive credit, and Worms, being obliged to think of his own interests as well as of the convenience of his customers, has just extricated himself from the affair by the help of a proceeding much practised in London, but little known in Paris. He suddenly disposed of his establishment and started for England, without leaving his address, and it is his successor who, having purchased all the outstanding debts, is now enforcing the payment of them. Judge of the storms and exclamations which this affair is now causing in numerous boudoirs. It is said that the bill sent into one charming ambassadress for fancy ball-dresses amounts to nearly 100,000 (£4,000)!"

The Emperor Napoleon has sent a reply to an address of the National Italian Society, forwarded to his Majesty on the occasion of the late conspiracy. The Emperor's letter concludes as follows:—

"Such attempts cannot change my sentiments towards your country. I shall always prize the honour of having contributed to its independence."

The Archduke Maximilian and the Archduchess, who arrived on Saturday afternoon at the Tuilleries, and were received with all honour by the Emperor, proceed to London. After a stay of a few days they return to Vienna, without passing through Paris; thence to Trieste, where they embark on board of an Austrian ship of war, escorted by two French vessels, commanded by an admiral, for Vera Cruz. The new Emperor accepts, it is said, a war debt of £10,000,000. On his arrival in his States a Mexican army will be organized under the auspices of the French, and a portion of the French force will remain for some time in the country, with the character of a foreign legion. When all this is done France will consider herself quite disengaged of Mexican affairs.

POLAND.

A very clever thing is said to have been done lately by the insurgents in the neighbourhood of Tarnow, a town on the high road from Cracow to Lemberg. Being driven to great straits for want of powder, the officers appointed by the National Government to supply the insurgents with ammunition in the district of Tarnow hit on the following contrivance for getting out of their difficulty. In the neighbourhood of the town, in a solitary position, is planted the Government powder magazine, guarded by a single sentry. A party of Poles, disguising themselves in the uniform of Austrian officers, one fine day drove up in a couple of peasant's carts, and informed the sentry on guard that they had orders to fetch ammunition. As the officers were provided with the proper keys, and wore the imperial uniform, the sentry naturally offered no objection. After helping themselves to 40 cwt. of powder and 60 cwt. of lead, the party drove off, leaving the sentry—probably a stupid recruit, as most of them are—to his own reflections. When his comrades came to relieve guard, he mentioned the event to his corporal, who in his turn reported it to his superiors, and thus the truth came out by degrees.

PRUSSIA.

The *Zeitung* publishes the following from its Paris correspondent:—

"The negotiations for the Conference have been suspended, the Danish Cabinet having lately informed the French Government that Denmark has decided upon entering into no agreement the basis of which should be only personal union with the duchies. Denmark would prefer to allow the duchies to be forcibly torn from her, awaiting their re-conquest from later events. In the higher political Parisian circles no one believes any longer in the possibility of a compromise, matters now being too complicated. France will not be able to avoid becoming involved in the question."

SENTENCE TO DEATH.—Bernard Cangley was found guilty at the Cavan Assizes of the murder of Peter Reilly, of Coolnacola. Twelve or thirteen years before the 23rd of January last, the day on which the deed was done, Cangley had been in Reilly's service, and had lived with him. At that time an accident occurred to him. An ass bit his hand, or did him some other injury, which obliged him to have his hand cut off. Soon after this he left Reilly's service, and had no communication with him for the whole of the time until the night of the 23rd, when he came to Reilly's house and made himself known. He was invited in to supper and to sleep. A little before two in the morning Mrs. Reilly heard a footstep in the left where Cangley slept, and she called to whoever it was to mind the ladder, as the steps were rather unsafe. She was answered by Cangley, who seemed then to be in the kitchen. Reilly got up to see what he was about, and the next thing Mrs. Reilly heard was a cry from her husband—"I am murdered." She jumped out of bed, and, by the moonlight, saw that it was Cangley standing beside her husband. She also was attacked by Cangley, and received two wounds in the stomach, some in the hand, from him. She had recovered sufficiently to give evidence against Cangley, but her husband died that night. Cangley was found "Guilty," and sentence of death was passed upon him, but no day was named for carrying out the sentence.

Mr. JOHN ROUSE, 25, St. James-place, Plumstead, says: "Feb. 6, 1864. For a cough of thirty-three years' standing, Hall's Long Restorer has been of more service to me than all the medicines I ever tried." Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., &c., by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and all chemists.—Advertisement.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING

On Thursday, the first anniversary of the marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark,—their infant son was admitted by baptism into the Christian Church.

Vast numbers of persons assembled in the Park early in the morning, for the purpose of catching a glimpse of the Queen, who was expected to arrive shortly after eleven o'clock, and also of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were expected to leave Marlborough House about the same time for Buckingham Palace.

The King of the Belgians was the first to arrive, and was greeted with loud cheers. Her Majesty arrived shortly before twelve o'clock, and was loudly cheered. The crowd then moved towards Marlborough House, and when the Prince and Princess left in their carriage they were greeted with the heartiest applause.

Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir George Grey, Earl De Grey and Ripon, and many of the chief officers of State, arrived about twelve o'clock, and assembled in the lower dining-room of the Palace. There were also present nearly all the foreign ministers, and the gentlemen connected with the Court.

At half-past twelve they were conducted to the seats within the chapel. At the altar were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London (Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal), the Bishop of Oxford (Lord High Almoner), the Bishop of Chester (Clerk of the Closet), the Rev. Henry Howarth, B.D., rector of St. George's, Hanover-square; the Hon. and Very Rev. Dr. Gerard Wellesley (Dean of Windsor and Resident Chaplain to her Majesty), and the Very Rev. Dr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales).

At one o'clock, all the visitors being seated, her Majesty the Queen, attended by the Duchess of Wellington, the Mistress of the Robes; the Lady Churchill, Lady in Waiting; the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, Bedchamber Woman; and by the Lord De Tabley and Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bentinck, K.C.B., the Lord and Groom in Waiting—took her place in the seat prepared for her as one of the sponsors.

The Queen named the child

"ALBERT VICTOR."

After the ceremony, a collation was served at the Palace.

FEARFUL BOILER EXPLOSION, AND LOSS OF TEN LIVES.

The frontispiece of this week's issue of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* represents an accident of a frightful and fatal character which occurred at the ironworks of Mr. Thomas Johnson, sen., Church-lane, Hall-end, West Bromwich, by which ten persons were killed, and others shockingly injured.

It appears that Mr. Johnson's works, which are known as the "Old Works," are connected with what are called the "New Works" in the occupation of Johnson and Co. There are ten furnaces in the old work and eleven in the new, together with shopping for millmen, rollers, bundlers, stocktakers, bolterdown, and all the apparatus and machinery requisite for carrying on an extensive trade. There were about forty men employed at the works of Mr. Thomas Johnson in the day turn, and a similar number of men in the night turn.

On Tuesday afternoon week, at about a quarter past three, after the men had returned from dinner and had recommenced their labour, when each one was busy, and seemed going on as usual, a loud hissing sound was heard, evidently proceeding from the direction of the engine and the machinery, and this was immediately followed by a deafening report. In a moment, engine and boiler, machinery, furnaces, and human beings were confounded in a heterogeneous mass. The boiler, a very large one of the kind, commonly termed "egg-ended," was situated in about the middle of the premises, and the effect of the explosion was to blow the two sides of the boiler apart nearly at right angles, one part being projected a distance of sixty or seventy yards into Church-lane, and the other twenty yards in another direction.

The remaining portion of the boiler, and by far the largest, was hurled almost perpendicularly into the air, and descended not far from the place where it was originally fixed. Tons upon tons of bricks and mortar were precipitated into the streets. The shopping was blown from its foundation, and the roofs of the buildings in which the works were carried on were literally riddled by the falling material. Three only out of the eleven furnaces were left standing after the explosion, and beneath that mass of mingled iron, brickwork, and debris lay the unfortunate men and boys who, but a few minutes before, were cheerfully labouring, without dreaming of the fate that was to overwhelm them.

A cart which was standing in Church-lane, near the wall of the premises, was smashed to atoms, but the man and horse escaped. A quantity of the blazing coal and hot bricks were blown by the explosion on to the barn of Mr. Henry Parish, of the Nag's Head, and set fire to an out-rick. The fire, however, was fortunately soon discovered and speedily extinguished. A large quantity of bricks, mortar, timber, and iron was precipitated into the timber-yard of Mr. Butler, which is situated opposite to the works.

FATAL ALPINE EXCURSION.

On Sunday morning, February 28, a young Russian gentleman, M. B., and an English friend, Mr. G., set out on an Alpine ascent of some difficulty. Accompanied by four guides, and well provided with all the necessaries for a similar excursion, they left St. Oron at two o'clock a.m., and proceeded to a village called Ardon, whence they commenced the ascent of the Dent d'Ardon.

Owing to the heat of the sun, and under the influence of the warm wind which prevailed, the snow was exceedingly soft, and on nearing the summit it became almost impossible to advance. Still persevering, however, in their hazardous enterprise, the travellers waded, so to say, through the yielding snow, when suddenly the mass on which they were gave way and dashed down the side of the mountain with fearful velocity. At the time of the accident all were properly attached by a new rope, made on purpose for the ascent. In some unaccountable manner the rope snapped in two places during the descent, so that when the avalanche reached the valley below, after a slide of 600 metres (or 1,800 feet), the travellers were no longer roped together. The two gentlemen and one of the guides were entirely buried in the snow, another guide, partly so, and the only two uninjured were the remaining guides, who were attached to the two ends of the rope.

Notwithstanding the most heroic efforts of these two men, only one of the party could get out in time to save their lives. Mr. B. was found dead in a recumbent position, with his head downwards, and it was only after two days' continued search that the missing guide's body was found.

This sad affair has thrown a gloom over the surrounding neighbourhood, and those who knew M. B. will long remember the deep impression that his untimely fate has left behind.

The funeral took place on the 3rd inst., at Lanzanne, in the Ouchy burial-ground.

It is but right to add that the inhabitants of the Valais took the most kindly interest in the affair, and had it not been for their prompt and eager assistance, the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers would most likely still have been where they were buried alive.

THE WAR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

THE following, dated Feb. 26, is from the head-quarters of the Danish army at Sonderborg:—

"The game we are looking on at here is not a very exciting or edifying one, but neither is it altogether destitute of a certain amount of grim and painful interest. It is not real, regular war, but it cannot be said to be anything like a *bona fide* armistice. We are placed between the Prussians who are afraid, and the Danes who are unable to fight—the latter reduced to numbers too insignificant to venture far from their own line of fortification; the former too prone to listen to that discretion which is said to be the best part of valour to make a brave dash at a position which, however strong, is open to the onset of a storming party, and makes no pretensions to be impregnable. I hope I do not over-state the number of dead and wounded on the Danish side, since the retreating army was concentrated upon its safe shelter of Aaben and Dybbol, nineteen days ago, if I set them down at about 300 or 400. Only a few of these lie in the various hospitals which have been hastily got ready for them at Sonderborg, Augustenborg, and other places, where I frequently visit them. For the first time since we came here I found leisure to attend the ceremony, which is here performed regularly twice a week, Monday and Thursday, of consigning the dead to the turf of Sonderborg churchyard. The church of Sonderborg, a large but undecorated and somewhat barn-like edifice, only conspicuous for a tall slanting roof and tiny wooden spire, after the common fashion of local ecclesiastical architecture, rises on a culminating spot on the hill, only overtopped by the various summits where windmills are erected and by a bastion or battery called the Church Battery, and destined to guard the narrowest passage of the Sound, in the event of the Dybbol position falling into the enemy's hands. The churchyard at Sonderborg must be in the summer a lovely spot, a large tract of table land, planted with thriving beech trees, tall and tapering; rather, indeed, a park-like cemetery of modern times than the narrow 'God's acre' which ancient niggardliness squeezed up between church and parsonage and set apart for the city of the dead. There were about a battalion of soldiers gathered on the spot, a military band, but very lately sent hither from Copenhagen to cheer the dullness of our beleaguered existence, the officiating chaplain, a few officers, and still fewer idle spectators. The soldiers seem fain to pay the honours to the dead *en famille*. It was by them that the grave was dug. Their carpenters made the coffins, their own hands conveyed their beloved comrades to their last abode, lowered them into it, threw the mould upon its bodies to be interred were two-and-twenty. The coffins were taken one by one from the dead-house where they had lain for the last three days. Rough, uncouth boxes they were, smeared with coarse red paint; but still they were coffins, and I could not help admiring the piety and charity which in the midst of the toils and cares of a disastrous warfare, in the midst of incessant and exhausting labours at the trenches, in the barracks, on the field, found leisure to provide the nobly slain with six boards and a score of nails, in obedience to the Northern notions of funeral decency, and with a loathing (which I can respect, even if I do not understand it) to give dust to dust with nothing but a shroud between what was flesh and the earth with which it must so soon commingle! Well, the coffins issued forth from the dead-house one by one, each borne by six stout men, whose strength seemed barely equal to the exertion the dead weight demanded of them; one by one they wound round the avenue leading to the cemetery, till the whole sad convoy had passed under the gate leading to the mournful field where their burdens were to be laid. As we walked in the rear of the slowly moving procession, with the harsh notes of the bugles grating on our ears, we went past more than one monument erected in commemoration of the Danes who perished in the field during the war of 1819-50; men who fought and suffered in this same Schleswig-Holstein quarrel, which they flattered themselves their blood had for ever settled, and which now opens afresh, thirst for new blood, and with no good prospect of a more satisfactory or more permanent arrangement."

A correspondence has taken place between the Danish General Hegemann and Field-Marshal von Wrangel. Upon the 29th ult., General Hegemann, in a letter to Field-Marshal von Wrangel, points out that Kolding is situated in Jutland. Field-Marshal Wrangel, on the 2nd inst., in reply, says that Kolding is for the present occupied for the purpose of covering the army of occupation in North Schleswig. He also states that in order to free Kolding from the war contribution imposed upon the town, Denmark must cease to capture German ships.

Amongst the Prussian decorations brought from Berlin by Prince Charles is the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit for Field-Marshal von Gablerz, the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle "with the swords" (i.e., two crossed swords inserted between the crown and the body of the cross, as a sign that it is conferred for military services) to the Crown Prince and Prince Albrecht, and the Grand Cross of the Order of Hohenzollerns with the swords for Field-Marshal von Wrangel.

The young princes with the army, such as Prince Albrecht (jun.) of Prussia, the hereditary Prince of Dessau, and the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Altenburg, frequently extend their daily rides as far as the extreme outposts, and watch the Danes swarming like ants, and busied in digging pitfalls and rifle pits. According to Prussian accounts there are no less than 116 guns in position in the entrenchments, many of which are 84 and 68-pounders, those of the least calibre being 24-pounders.

THE DANISH CRUISERS OFF DUNBAR.—The Danish cruisers are still in the offing, and are evidently keeping a sharp look-out for prizes. We have heard of no more captures; but on Friday morning a very exciting chase showed how closely they are keeping watch and ward over the mouth of the Forth. About daybreak a large foreign vessel was observed to the eastward of the town, hugging the land much more closely than is generally done by vessels of its size. As it seemed to be endeavouring to keep within the limits allowed on neutral ground, suspicions were aroused, and its progress was watched by a number of the townsfolk, who, with glass in hand, assembled in the Castle park for that purpose. After it had rounded the point and got safely into the Forth, between the Bass and the May, it was thought that it had escaped the notice of the cruisers. In a short time, however, a long, low, rakish-looking craft shot out from behind the May Island, and stood right over on the track of the vessel. A most exciting chase then commenced. The cruiser instantly clapped on all sail, and the black smoke belching out over and anon from the funnel showed that they were no less intent on getting up all the steam they could command. The large vessel soon saw its danger, and immediately every inch of canvas was spread to the breeze. On they both went at a tremendous rate; but it was soon evident that the coveted prize would escape. Very luckily for it a strong breeze had sprung up, and both wind and tide were in its favour, besides having the advantage of a considerable start. When last seen the two were somewhere above the Bass, and a parting shot was observed to be sent after the fugitive, as it stood away to the northward under a heavy press of sail, with a "wet sheet and a flowing sea."—*Scotsman.*

TRUE uncoloured teas, hitherto unobtainable, are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. They combine purity, fine flavour, and lasting strength, and are much more wholesomer than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

A COUPLE of Danish cruisers have been off Dunbar for several days, watching the mouth of the Forth, and overhauling suspicious-looking craft. On Wednesday one of them captured a schooner supposed to be a Prussian vessel, but from what port she sailed, or whither bound, we have not heard. The schooner was taken in tow of the cruiser, and both stood out to sea.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

A COUNTRY paper mentions the marriage of Mr. John Sweet to Miss Ann Sour. It is probable they mean to set up a lemonade business.—*American Paper.*

A LETTER from Hadersleben (Schleswig) gives an account of a military execution performed on a non-commissioned officer of the Lichtenstein Hussars by sentence of a drum-head court-martial, though recommended to mercy by the court. Field-Marshal von Gablerz, who is known to be a man of humane feelings and warm and generous disposition, confirmed the sentence of the court, observing that, however painful to himself personally, it was his first duty to preserve intact the discipline of the Austrian army, and as the delinquent was proved guilty of appropriating to his own use the property of the natives by force, he should let the law take its course. The hussar, who confidently expected a reprieve, was led out to a field outside the town by a file of the 9th battalion of Rifles and shot.

THE standard for recruits for the infantry has been lowered by an inch, namely, 5ft. 5in. from 17 to 25. The standard for the Marines remains as at present, at 5ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for lads from 18 to 20, and at 5ft. 7in. for those above twenty years of age.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed to sit at Burlington House, with General Sabine as its chairman, to inquire into the merits of gun-cotton. General Sabine is assisted in his labours by some very experienced officers, both naval and military.

"THE Admiralty," says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, "having been of late constantly importuned by inventors to adopt plans by the application of which an enemy's ship—nay, a whole fleet—might, with its guns, stores, and crew, be blown out of the water, only subsequently to be swallowed up by the sea, their lordships have now determined to appoint a committee to which all such terrible schemes shall be referred, and Rear-Admiral G. Wellesley has been appointed its chairman."

A WASHINGTON despatch of the 19th ult. to the *New York Tribune* says:—"The last trustworthy intelligence fixes the pirate Alabama at the dock at Amoy on the 17th of January. The United States steamer Wyoming, Captain McDougal, was also there, and the United States ship Jamestown was daily expected. The navy department feels confident that the Alabama will never leave port, and it is not impossible that she will be destroyed at that place."

The *Europe*, of Frankfort, tells a good story of an ingenious swindle, which, it asserts, occurred the other day at the metropolis of gambling, Homburg. A well-known German noble played a game of ecarte with a young Frenchman of pleasing address, and got up in the height of fashion. The stakes were heavy, and the Frenchman having lost handed over to the winner 10,000fl. (£100) in French Bank-notes. The German Don put up the notes in his pocket-book, went back to his hotel in great spirits, and heartily enjoyed his dinner. As he was sipping his coffee and smoking his cigar afterwards, the waiter brought up to him another Frenchman, an elderly man, of decidedly military appearance, who requested a private interview. "Sir," he said, "I have called on you on very unpleasant business. You played a game of cards this afternoon with my young friend X—?"—"Yes."—"You won 10,000 francs?"—"I did."—"I know it; he paid you in French notes. Well, sir, I am sorry to tell you these notes are forged. X's friends, who, as you are aware, in a high position, have discovered their relative's goings on. They have deputed me, as an old friend of the family, to hush the matter up. Here are ten bank-notes for 1,000 francs. Return to me those given you by my misguided young friend." The unsuspecting German immediately handed the notes he had received, accepted those tendered in exchange, was profuse in his acknowledgments, and the elderly person, enjoining secrecy, bowed himself out. Our German returned to the rooms next day, and the first person he met was X—, the forger. He cut him dead. X— insisted on an explanation. After some difficulty the German related what had taken place. "Mon cher," exclaimed the Frenchman, "you have been dilded. Have your notes examined." It is needless to say that they turned out to be spurious. The elderly "friend of the family" was an ingenious swindler, who had watched the game the preceding day, and availed himself of the candour of the German to exchange photographic bank-notes for the real article.

A MARRIAGE is arranged between the Marquis of Queensberry and a young lady, daughter of a late wealthy merchant of Liverpool. The noble lord, who is in her Majesty's navy, was with the Channel fleet as a midshipman during the time it visited the modern Tyre, where he met the young lady, Miss Casey, daughter of Mrs. W. Somersford Casey. Lord Queensberry is highly respected by his brother officers. He is in his twentieth year, the *future* in her twenty-fourth. The young lady's fortune is estimated at £20,000. Mr. W. Somersford Casey has been dead some years.—*Court Journal.*

An excursion company from London to Boulogne is about to be established to convey 250 persons to France weekly, during the six summer months, at a cheap rate. The wife of General Tom Thumb was delivered of a son and heir on the 22nd of last month.

A FEMALE POLYGAMIST.—An extraordinary case has lately been under investigation before the police at Woolwich, in which a man named John Ogden, a bombardier in the Royal Artillery, was accused of stealing sundry articles of household goods from Reuben Cox, a painter in the Royal Arsenal. The stolen furniture was discovered in an apartment in William-street, Woolwich, which was occupied by the accused and Cox's wife, who were provided with a certificate of marriage, celebrated two days previously in the adjoining parish of Plumstead. The police, acting on their instructions, took possession of the property, and have since recovered certificates and ample proof showing that four men with whom the woman has entered into the contract of marriage are actually living. The case under investigation is not the only one, it appears, in which the woman has descended with one man's furniture and has married another. It is also proved that she lived as the wife of a fifth man for some years, between the dates of the first and second certificates, and kept a coffee-house at Barking. The certificates in the hands of the police-constable, Cox, who has charge of the case, are as follows:—No. 1, certificate of marriage celebrated between Joseph Outer and Rebecca Scarborough, at the church of St. Mary, Stratford, on the 19th day of December, 1842. No. 2, between George James Wellington and Rebecca Scarborough, at Poplar, 29th of May, 1856. No. 3, between Samuel Cox and Rebecca Wellington (widow), also at Poplar, 7th of November, 1859. No. 4, between John Ogden and Rebecca Scarborough, spinster, at St. Margaret's Church, Plumstead, Jan. 6, 1864. When informed of the many proofs of her delinquencies, she replied "that when she had done her bit of imprisonment, she had no fear of getting another husband or two to comfort her."

A PERFECT state of health may be ensured by the occasional use of Parr's Life Pills, which may be bought for a trifling sum in any chemist in the Kingdom.—[Advertisement.]

A NICE POINT IN LAW.

At the Heriford assizes, a dealer at Flemsteed, named Robinson was indicted for receiving from one Saunders a bushel of mixed corn, which had been stolen, knowing it to be stolen. Saunders had confessed the theft.

Mr. Abel conducted the case for the prosecution; Mr. Codd defended the prisoner.

The prosecutor, the thief's employer, missed some corn from his premises, both peas and oats. The corn produced was mixed, and he could not possibly identify it. The prosecutor, it is to be observed, did not at all suspect the prisoner as the receiver, having himself recently sold him corn; and so far from it, that when the charge was preferred by the police, who had taken up the case, he himself became bail for the man.

The principal evidence against him was that of Saunders, the convicted thief, who swore that the prisoner had asked him to "get" him some corn, and that after he had stolen the corn of his employer he took it to the prisoner, who, he said, gave him a shilling, telling him to say nothing about it.

In cross-examination it was elicited that the witness had stolen "pure" corn, not mixed,—that is to say, oats and peas, and had mixed them afterwards. It was further elicited that the witness had repeatedly been convicted of felony, and had not made the charge until he was himself in gaol. It came out that the police had asked questions of the prisoner, and tried to obtain evidence upon which

The Lord Chief Baron observed that the police had no business to do anything of that kind. Their duty was to apprehend prisoners, not to take examinations.

The prisoner's counsel was then about to address the jury on his behalf, when

The Lord Chief Baron said he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to convict. It was, no doubt, most important when the receiver could be got at to convict him, as he was certainly a worse offender than the thief. But it would be very perilous to permit the thief to fix on the person he should charge as receiver. He presumed, therefore, that the jury would not require to hear the prisoner's counsel.

The jury upon this consulted together for some moments, and then, to the surprise of every one, returned a verdict of "Guilty."

The Lord Chief Baron: Gentlemen, you cannot convict the prisoner without hearing his counsel. (A laugh.)

The foreman: We thought we were to consider our verdict.

The Lord Chief Baron: Not without hearing the prisoner's counsel. (Laughter.) It appeared to me, I own, that you would not require to hear him; but you must hear him before you find a verdict of "Guilty."

The prisoner's counsel then addressed the jury on his behalf, urging that there was no evidence against him but that of the thief, which was not confirmed, and was unworthy of credit.

The Lord Chief Baron then summed up the case to the jury to the same effect as before, but still more decidedly. He animadverted on the course taken by the police, remarking that it was plain that the prosecutor, or rather the thief's employer—for he was not really the prosecutor—did not himself believe that the prisoner was guilty, and would not have prosecuted had it not been for their meddling in the matter. He reprobed such meddling on their part. It was malicious, and often led to wrong. There was really no evidence in the case but that of the thief, and it would be perilous to convict a person as receiver on the sole evidence of the thief. If the interests of society were to be regarded—he might almost say in safety—it would not be by allowing the thief to convict any person he pleased as the receiver. The evidence of the thief had been in this case given most unblushingly, with a hardened smile upon his countenance, and his appearance and his antecedents were that of the hardened offender. Most perilous would it be to allow such men to convict others on their own evidence, unless clearly confirmed, and in this instance, in his opinion, it was not. He deemed it his duty to tell the jury honestly, faithfully, with all the sincere regard which he felt for their institution, that in his judgment the evidence in this case was not such that they could safely and satisfactorily, either to their own consciences or the interests of society, convict the accused.

The jury consulted together a few minutes, and, then again, to the surprise of every one, returned a verdict of "Guilty."

The Lord Chief Baron: Then, gentlemen, it is now my duty to direct you, in point of law, to find a verdict of "Not guilty." The indictment charged the prisoner with feloniously receiving "a mixture" of corn and grain, "which had been stolen, knowing it to be stolen;" but the evidence of the thief, the only witness, is that he stole pure corn—that is, pure oats and pure peas, and mixed them and sold them to the prisoner; and the "mixture," therefore, cannot be convicted upon it.

The jury again consulted, and

The Foreman then said: My lord, the jury think that it was a "mixture" when the prisoner received it, and that he knew it to be stolen.

The Lord Chief Baron: Gentlemen, the mixture had not been stolen, so the thief, the sole witness, swears; for he swears that he stole unmixed oats and unmixed peas. Then, if so, he stole no "mixture," and the indictment fails, and you are bound in point of law to find the prisoner "Not guilty."

The jury again consulted, but again adhered to their decision, and insisted that as the thief had stolen oats and stolen beans, and mixed them, he had stolen the mixture.

The Lord Chief Baron: Gentlemen, I tell you in point of law that he had not, and it is your duty to take the law from me. I tell you that in law the indictment cannot be sustained, and that you are bound to return a verdict of "Not guilty." Gentlemen, I feel, and I have always throughout my whole life felt, the deepest respect for the institution of trial by jury, and I would not for the world trench upon their province, which is the matter of fact, and that I have left to you; to the judge belongs matter of law, and it is matter of law that this indictment cannot be sustained. Had I observed it earlier it would have been my duty to stop the case. As it is, it has now been called to my attention by the officer of the court, and I now tell you, as a master of law, that you are bound to find the prisoner "Not guilty." Gentlemen, I would not invade your province, and permit me to say, and to say it with firmness, that I cannot permit you to invade mine. (A burst of applause.)

The jury once more consulted together, and one of their number said, as his lordship had now explained the matter, they felt that it was their duty to defer to his direction in point of law.

The foreman, however, and one or two others still seemed reluctant to return a verdict of acquittal, and desired to state the reasons, but the Lord Chief Baron declined to listen to them, and repeated his direction in point of law.

At last, though with evident reluctance, the foreman returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

The name of Cardinal Antonelli, whose portrait we here give, has again come prominently before the public in connexion with the Pontifical Government of Rome, of which he is Secretary of State.

Jacomo Antonelli was born in the little town of Sonnino, distant about twelve miles from Terracina, in the mountains, which were the haunt of bands of notorious brigands. The Antonelli family seized the first opportunity of removing from this lawless district, and the father, being engaged on some public works, removed with his family of five sons (of which Jacomo was the third) to Terracina. This was a favourite place of residence of Pope Gregory XVI in his old age, and from frequent visits, was soon thrown in the way of the Antonelli family, and ultimately found favour in the eyes of his Holiness and those who surrounded him.

While the other sons were assisting their father in his business, Jacomo, who was destined for the Church, was quietly pursuing his studies at the Colegio Romano, attracting attention by his bearing, regularity, intelligence, and above all, by his self-control. Arrived at the age at which the pontifical statutes permit of aspiring to the prelacy, he was nominated president of one of the local criminal courts, and we may judge of his zealousness in the discharge of his duties by the rapidity with which he was promoted from one office to another.

The Government of Rome, at that time, consisted of two Secretaries of State; one conducted the foreign policy, the other was Home Minister. The Secretary-General of the latter department was replaced by Antonelli, now become *delegato* of Macerata, who had been chosen on account of the energy he had shown on more than one occasion displayed. Placed in this position, he had frequent opportunities of addressing himself to the notice of Gregory XVI. The old Pope took a remarkable liking to the sprightly young functionary; he chatted with him, and learned to admire the justness and acuteness of his remarks. The favour in which Antonelli was held contributed greatly to his advancement, and in a short time he was appointed Treasurer General. It was about this time that Gregory XVI died. He was succeeded by Pope Pius IX. The first whom his Holiness elevated to the cardinalate was Antonelli, and he pronounced a most glowing eulogium on the new cardinal's talents when



CARDINAL ANTONELLI, SECRETARY OF STATE AT ROME.

nity of conferring upon him some charge that would attach him to his person. This opportunity soon occurred. The office of major-domo becoming vacant, it was immediately filled by Antonelli. This, of necessity, brought him into continual contact with the Sovereign Pontiff.

It was while Antonelli occupied this position that the revolution, which finally compelled the representative of St. Peter to seek shelter at Gaeta, reached its height. Antonelli accompanied the Pontiff in his exile, remaining faithful to him through all his misfortunes, and returned with him to Rome on the re-establishment of order. Since then he has seen his power steadily increase, until he has been called upon to fill the highest office in the Government, and to conduct public affairs at a most critical and dangerous time; nor is the present moment without its difficulties, and, to some extent, danger.

THE DANISH WAR.

We this week present two illustrations in connexion with the Danish war. The first, which will be found below, is that of the engagement between a squadron of Danish dragoons and two squadrons of the enemy's hussars, on the 1st of March, between Vardo and Fredericia, in which the Danes were slightly victorious. The second, on the opposite page, is one of the Danish men-of-war cruisers taking in ammunition preparatory to a look-out for Austrian and Prussian vessels in the Channel, and upon other parts of the British coast.

TWELVE BROTHERS IN THE UNION ARMY.—While we were at the recruiting agency of Messrs. Maynard and Griswold yesterday afternoon, a resident of the town of Camillus, Almon Wilber, was enlisted. He stated that he is the oldest of twelve brothers, sons of William and Electa Wilber, of Camillus, and that now they had all entered the service of the United States. This brother is now between forty-four and forty-five years of age, and he added that none of the twelve brothers weigh less than 200 pounds. His son enlisted at the same time as he did.—*Syracuse Journal*.

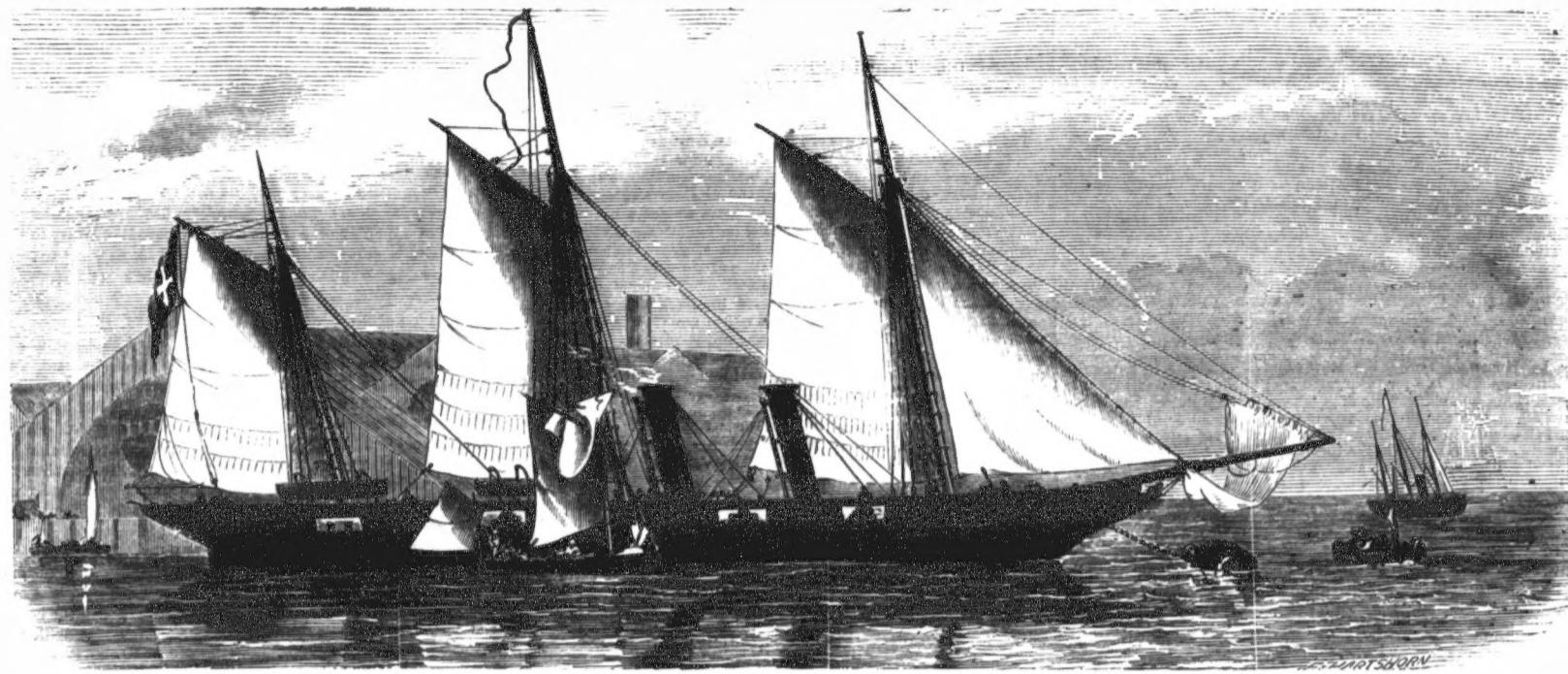
EXTRAORDINARY FECUNDITY OF A SHEEP.—A half-bred Leicester ewe belonging to Mr. Edward Blankarn, of Thorneyslack, has this year yeilded three lambs, all of which are doing well, and what is most remarkable, this same ewe has now yeilded three lambs for five years in succession, and the progeny in every case has been successfully reared.—*Westmoreland Gazette*.

The events of 1848 cast a cloud over the brilliant horizon now opened to Antonelli. For a time he lost ground, and had to throw up his Ministerial appointments in the great changes that took place. He did not, however, lose his influence at the Vatican.

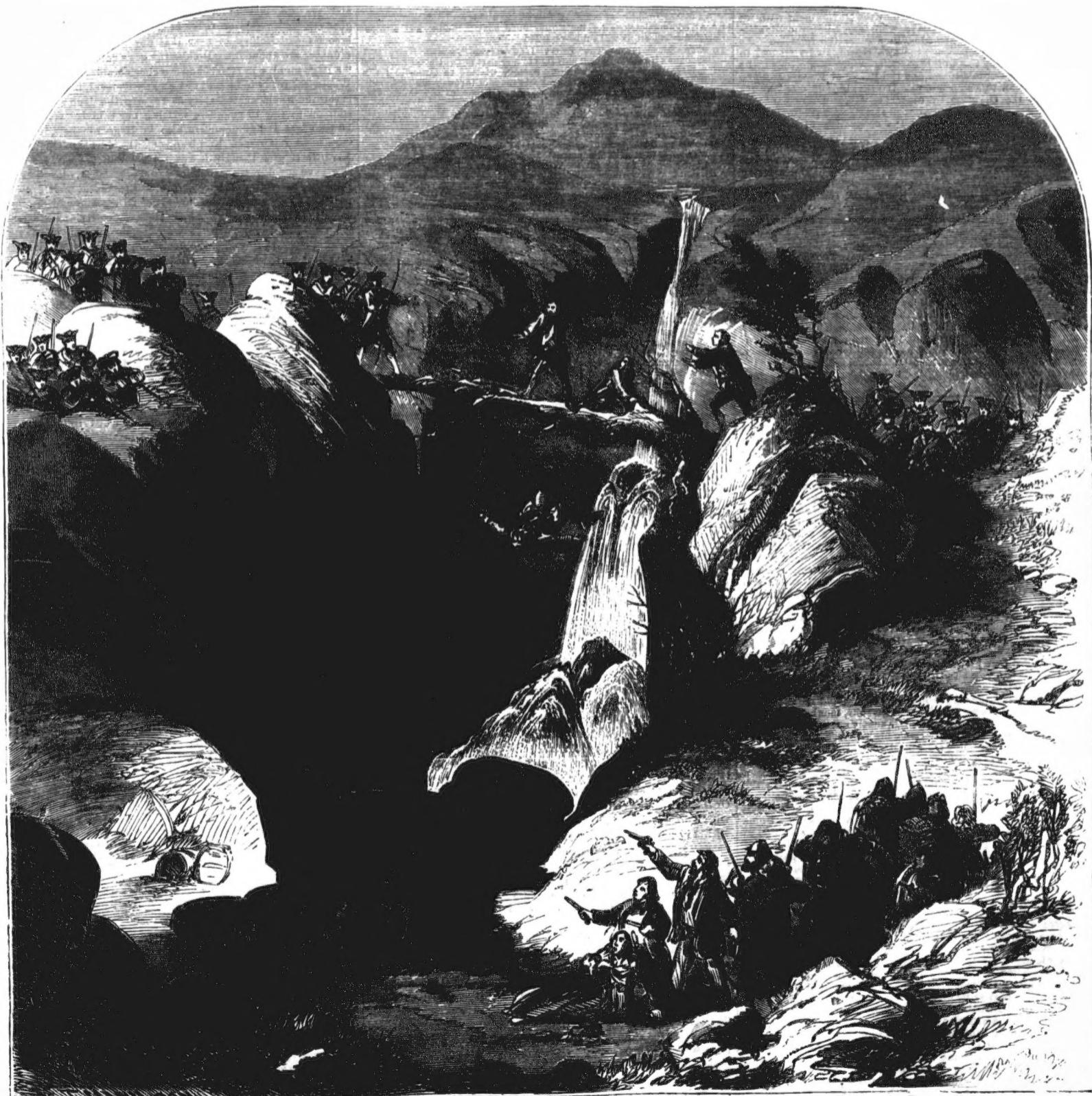
The Pope still held him in affection, and only sought an opportunity



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN DANISH DRAGOONS AND AUSTRIAN HUSSARS.



DANISH MAN-OF-WAR. (See page 612.)



SCENE FROM THE SUCCESSFUL DRAMA OF "A YEAR AND A DAY." (See page 618.)

The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their household, are expected to visit Sandringham, Norfolk, in the course of the current month. Their royal highnesses will, probably, arrive about the 2nd inst. Preparations are being made for their reception, and will be brought to a close in about a fortnight. As regards the stay which will be made by their royal highnesses nothing definite is known, but it is expected to be rather a long one; at any rate it will extend over the Easter holidays. A residence for the controller of the Prince's household is in progress at Sandringham, but will not be ready for occupation for some time. The stabling is also being extended.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess De Grey and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, left Marlborough House at a quarter before five o'clock on Monday afternoon, and went to Windsor by the Great Western Railway, on a visit to the Queen.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords, the Marquess of Westmeath introduced a Bill to amend the law for the punishment of the offence of rape, the object being to include whipping where it was proved that more than one person had been concerned in the commission of the crime. Earl Granville called attention to the report of the select committee on railway schemes within the limits of the metropolis, and moved that the Victoria Station and Thames Embankment Railway, Oxford-street and City Railway, London Main Trunk Underground Railway, Charing-cross (Northern) Railway, Charing-cross (Western) Railway, Tottenham and Hampstead Junction Railway (Extension to Charing-cross), London Union Railways, and Tottenham and Farringdon-street Railway, Bills, be not proceeded with this session; that the fees incurred in respect of these Bills be remitted; and that the report be referred to all select committees to which any railway Bills within the limits of the metropolis may be referred in the present session. The motion was agreed to without discussion. Mr. Disraeli said he wished to know, as the invasion of Jutland by the Austrians and Prussians was still being pursued, whether the Government could communicate to the house any authentic information on the subject; and also what the house might consider the view which the Government took of that step on the part of the invading Powers. Lord Palmerston replied that the accounts received by the Government with reference to the invasion of Jutland were exceedingly contradictory; he was, therefore, at great loss to answer the question. As the matter now stood he believed the two Governments wished to take possession of the town of Fredericia, which commanded the narrow channel between Jutland and the Island of Funen, and one of their reasons for this step was that Danish ships of war had retaliated upon the Germans by capturing German merchantmen, which proceeding they said had altered the relative position of the parties. Another ground was that the occupation of Fredericia, as well as of Kolding, was necessary to protect the German troops from being harassed by the Danes from the north of Jutland and the Island of Funen. The view which her Majesty's Government took of the matter was simply this—that the whole of the military operations beyond the Elbe were an outrage upon the independence of Denmark—an act of violence not justified by the existing state of things. The debate on the order for going into committee on the Government Annuities Bill was resumed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who at considerable length answered the chief objections which have been urged against the measure by persons connected with assurances, friendly societies, loan offices, and similar institutions. He observed that the Bill enjoined nothing and prohibited nothing; for all it did was to offer to such portion of the public as might choose to avail itself of the proposal certain facilities for self-help, and he might add for self-protection. He hoped the house would receive the measure with favour, as he was confident it would be of incalculable advantage to the working classes. Lord Stanley concurred in the principle of the Bill, but suggested that further time should be allowed for its consideration. After several other hon. members had addressed the house, the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed to the debate being adjourned to Thursday next.

PASSING THE LINES.—General Morgan having escaped from a Federal prison by tunnelling, Colonel Straight and a party of Federal officers, said to be 117 strong, have returned the compliment by tunnelling their way out of the Libby prison in Richmond, where they seem to have been so carelessly kept that, according to a Richmond paper, the colonel lately fell out of a window into the road and hurt himself. But there is a later novelty in "underground travelling" from Richmond. Dr MacLure has for some time been engaged in the business of disinterring and embalming the dead, preparatory to transportation to the homes of their families. He has just been arrested while driving a wagon in which were two coffins, supposed to contain the remains of dead Federal soldiers, but found upon examination to be occupied by two live Jews, who, it is believed, paid high fares for their conveyance.

THE POPE AND HIS VISITORS.—A correspondent of the *Temps* gives the following details respecting the ceremonial at audiences granted by the Pope:—"After passing through the antechambers you are introduced to the Pope's presence. His holiness sits at the end of the room, under a canopy, on a small throne, raised one step from the floor, in an arm-chair of velvet and gold, with a writing-table before him. You kneel at the door, again in the middle of the room, and a third time just before you reach the throne. The Pope presents his foot and you kiss the white slipper, where a gold cross is placed. You remain kneeling until his holiness motions you to rise. To men of the world the sign is made instantly, and the conversation takes place standing. To religious persons, monks, and even secondary prelates the sign to rise is frequently not made at all, and they speak while still kneeling. Some high personages also speak with the Pope while kneeling; M. de Merode always does, though so intimate with Pius IX. There is nothing extraordinary in this here, for I have seen nuns kneeling before their confessor for a whole half-hour. It is an Oriental usage, which is common in the religious world at Rome and seems to shock nobody. Sometimes, indeed, persons squat down familiarly on their heels. Cardinals and bishops kiss the Pope's hand, and sit on a gilt stool. Some French bishops insist on kissing his foot. No lady is admitted to an audience, except queens and princesses, with their ladies of honour. As to other ladies, the Pope meets them in the gallery or gardens, but not in the apartments. The toilet for ladies, of whatever rank, is black, with a veil. Men take off their gloves. The Pope remains seated with cardinals and bishops. He rises to receive princess and princesses. For kings he advances to the middle of the room, and receives them there. For emperors he goes as far as the antechamber. When the Pope returns the visit of kings or emperors etiquette requires them to come down to his carriage and open the door. It is a tradition that Popes are charming in their audiences. Everything is prepared to astonish and disconcert the visitor. One would say that the secretaries and chamberlains guard the majesty of God. The result is a contrasting effect; at the first smile of this venerable Divinity one's heart is deeply moved. Christini of Sweden could not refrain from tears in the presence of Alexander VII. The famous Alexander VI. (Borgia) was literally captivating. He had a frankness which was most charming. He gave a public audience every Thursday. Pius VI was very handsome for an old man. Gregory XVI., though of morose memory, was enchanting. As for Pius IX., everybody on retiring from the audience exclaims, 'He is an angel!' Never was there a Pope of a more amiable disposition."

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. B.
			A. M. P. M.
12	S	Treaty of Vienna, 1816	4 45 5 4
13	S	Fifth Sunday in Lent	5 25 5 44
14	M	Admiral Byng shot, 1757	5 7 5 28
15	T	Sun rises 6h. 15m.; sets 6h. 3m.	6 58 7 17
16	W	Duchess of Kent died, 1861	7 47 8 22
17	T	St. Patrick	8 8 9 45
18	F	Princess Louise born, 1848	10 27 11 9

Moon's changes.—First Quarter, 15th, 6h. 7m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. EXOD. 3; ST. LUKE 24.

AFTERNOON. EXOD 5; 1 THES. 4.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 8d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 318, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 318, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsmen or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 4d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

A. O. Z.—We believe that persons riding velocipedes are liable to toll at turnpikes.

T. R. B.—Apply to Mr. William Eden, the solicitor, No. 10, Gray's-in-square.

A. WORKMAN.—Errors in description do not invalidate marriages. The register book ought to be amended.

R. T. M.—The charge for admission to a Roman Catholic chapel is legal. It is private property, and though public worship may be performed with open doors, yet anybody has not a right to enter.

B. B. PETER.—A naval cadet is a lad who is placed in a school where he may become highly qualified to perform the duties of an officer. A midshipman is not supposed to become so proficient as a naval cadet.

W. N. T.—A funeral procession passing over land does not create a right of way. It is a popular error, and very ancient.

R. K.—The child having been born on the 29th of February, the future celebration of his birthday should be the 28th of February (except Leap Year), and not the 1st of March.

F. Q.—A register of tickets of leave convicts is kept at the Home-office.

E. E. E.—Minors may be legally married at a registrar's-office without the consent of the relatives, but not in the Church of England.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE public will learn with sincere regret that they are about to lose the active services of one to whom they are very largely indebted. The name of Rowland Hill claims grateful acknowledgement from every one who holds communication with his fellows or concerns himself in any degree with the concerns of this lower world. Does he live in a remote place, where news-agents and reading-rooms are inaccessible? Thanks to Rowland Hill, his daily paper, faithfully delivered, will let him know the sayings and doings of the world at large. Does he need a bulky volume for which he has no ready means of carriage? The red-collared officials will bring it to his door at very moderate charge. Does he wish to hear of the fortunes of far-distant friends, in the Himalayas, perhaps, or in New Zealand, or in New York? Rowland Hill has been busy in securing a safe and rapid transit for his letters at a price little more than would have been charged last century for transmission from one part of England to another. Or if a man be such a Simon or a hermit as to regard public affairs with indifference, and to have neither friend nor foe with whom he wishes to correspond, he can yet be scarcely so superior to the ordinary wants of human nature as not sometimes to avail himself of the facilities offered by the Post-office for sending orders to tradesmen and paying for their goods by the same means. To the busy world of commercial life the postal system offers incalculable advantages, and parliamentary, literary, and professional men of all classes partake largely of its benefits. It is no longer a serious thing for a person of limited means to keep up an extended correspondence, and how quickly the public have availed themselves of the conveniences offered to them is proved by immense increase in the postage. The number of chargeable letters at the time when the new system was inaugurated was seventy-six millions, it is now six hundred millions! During the same twenty-seven years the annual amount transmitted through the post has risen from £813,000 to considerably more than £15,000,000! This astonishing change is of course not only due to the cheapness and facility of the postage, but to the conveniences afforded by the introduction of money orders and by the security of the registration system now

in vogue. Notwithstanding the increased expenses and the diminished charges, the revenue of the Post-office is now greatly enlarged. With all the additional posts, the vast establishment, and army of employees rendered necessary by such an amount of business, the annual income is much higher than it was thirty years ago. Sir Rowland Hill has at least the satisfaction of seeing the great work he set on foot thoroughly well done; its accuracy, efficiency, and extent being an absolute marvel. All Sir Rowland Hill's schemes have indeed been practical. He is none of those theoretical reformers or inventors whose projects will not stand the wear and tear of everyday life. This great reform has now endured the daily trial of a quarter of a century in the busiest country in the world, only to be crowned with unimpeachable success, and to rank its author among the public benefactors of his time.

If the question of the guns has yet to be solved, their story, a any rate, has been fairly and candidly told. Lord Hartington explained to the House of Commons the whole state of the case, and described without reserve or disguise the circumstances in which we are now placed. In a few words, we may say that our field ordnance is in as satisfactory condition as could be expected during a period of endless invention and constant change; but that in ordnance for sea service we have made no progress commensurate with the actual exigencies of the time. We know, or at least we have persuaded ourselves, that armour-plating will be found ineffective against the artillery of the future; but although we believe these guns to be producible, they have not yet been produced. Happily, however, we are in this respect no worse off than our neighbours, and there is, we hope, no reason to apprehend that our success will be long delayed. Lord Hartington informed the house that all our field batteries were now completely armed with the Armstrong gun, and that these pieces "were now almost universally approved and liked by the troops who possessed them." He did not conceal the fact that this feeling had not always prevailed, but he stated unhesitatingly that experience and practice had brought our soldiers to a belief in the good and serviceable qualities of the gun. This being the case, it becomes satisfactory to hear that our supplies of this approved ordnance are abundant. Besides the guns actually in use, we have "a large number in store," and "a considerable number in depot at Woolwich, ready to be sent out at any moment, if required." Nor is this the whole of the story as regards the land service; for, in addition to the 12-pounders forming our field batteries, we have 20-pounders and 40-pounders also in large numbers, of which a very good report can be given. Of the 45-pounders especially, Lord Hartington thought it was "impossible to speak too highly." We have good reason, therefore, to be satisfied with the state of things up to this point. Our field artillery is as well armed and provided as we could wish it to be, nor do we know of any foreign models superior to our own. Here, however, terminates our success. For naval purposes we have no gun of which we can speak as we have spoken of the Armstrong field piece, and it is simply in default of any satisfactory substitute that the old 68-pounder holds its place. The only fresh introductions have been the 40-pounder above-mentioned, and the 110-pounder, also on the Armstrong pattern; but the former of these, though formidable in position on the field, is ineffective against the armour of an iron-clad, and the latter is also powerless for this special purpose. It is a good and useful gun for other kinds of service, but it will not send its shot through the strong plating of a modern frigate. Consequently as regards naval ordnance we have made little or no progress in adapting our armaments to the tactics of the day. The only guns actually carried by our ships are guns which could certainly not be relied upon for piercing the sides of a good iron-clad on the European model. Nevertheless, though Lord Hartington made this free confession, and though he at once admitted, in introducing the subject, that he could not say as much as he should wish to say for the actual state of things, he did mention two circumstances which render the result less unsatisfactory than it would otherwise have been. In the first place, he distinctly asserted, what we have repeatedly surmised, that such a gun as we were now in search of for sea service had not been produced in any other country. To appreciate the importance of this statement, we must remember that Government has been diligently seeking information in other countries, and especially in America, respecting the progress made in artillery, and that the department which Lord Hartington represents must be presumed to be well acquainted with all that has been done abroad or at home. Now, his words leave no doubt about the intelligence received. "If," said he, "we have not got a gun capable of making effectual practice on iron-plated ships, we have no reason to believe, nay, we feel perfectly certain, from all the information we can obtain, that no other nation has in its service such an arm." This, therefore, decides the question of our relative position. We are not behind the world in this matter. Other countries are just as much at fault as we are. The desired gun has yet to be produced, and the next piece of consolation is that we are likely to produce it at least as soon as our rivals.

MURDER.—The *Age* of Toulouse gives an account of a horrible crime committed at the chateau of Labastide, near Labastide-Belpas (Ariège). It appears that M. Bugdad de la Salle, the owner, returned from Carbone on horseback about ten at night, and shortly after the chateau was entered by a band of desperadoes, who murdered him while sitting at supper. The servant man, who was attending to the horse in the stable, was at the same time killed by blows on the head with a mallet, and a female servant who heard the poor fellow cry for help, and went to see what was the matter, was likewise murdered in the stable. Another maid-servant was found in bed, with her head nearly severed from her body. The farm-bailiff, who had been alarmed by the noise, was also murdered and thrown into a well in the yard. The murderers then ransacked the house, and are supposed to have carried off a considerable booty in specie and bank-notes, for M. Bugdad usually kept large sums of money by him. The police have not yet succeeded in arresting any of the guilty parties.—*Galigani*.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Price £15. *Wright and Mann, 144, Holborn Barr.* Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

HORSEMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

BREACH OF PROMISE AT BIRMINGHAM.

At the Warwick assizes a trial for breach of promise was heard before Mr Justice Blackburn and a special jury, in which Charlotte Emma Blackham, daughter of Mr. Blackham, pin manufacturer, of Birmingham, was the plaintiff, and Mr. Thomas Pratt, thimble maker, of the same place, was the defendant. Mr. Macaulay, Q.C., Mr. Field, Q.C., and Mr. Welby were counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Sergeant O'Brien for the defendant. Defendant is a widower, and about sixty years of age, and the plaintiff an attractive young lady of twenty-three. The defendant was in the habit of calling at plaintiff's house upon business. In the month of February, 1863, he desired to have some private conversation with the plaintiff, and after telling her he desired to marry her, Mrs. Blackham was consulted. Defendant said to her that he wished to become the suitor of her eldest daughter, if there was no objection on the part of her parents. He acknowledged he was rather old, but to counterbalance that he said he was a wealthy man, and was worth between 7,000 and 8,000*£*. If Mrs. Blackham would allow her daughter to marry him he would immediately retire from business, build a country residence, and keep a horse and carriage for his wife. The defendant after that was received as the suitor of the plaintiff, and continued to visit her daily, walking her out, and introducing her to his friends as his affianced. In the early part of June the defendant said he would give the plaintiff 1,000*£* upon the day of her wedding, and in addition to that he would spend 600*£* on his country residence to make her happy and comfortable. The defendant continued to be very attentive until September, when he requested to have an interview with her mother. He then informed her that he should not be able to keep his promise, in consequence of his daughter's opposition to the marriage, as she had told him if he got married she would never enter his home, and she would not allow him to visit her. Mrs. Blackham remonstrated with him, and reminded him of his promises. Defendant said he was very sorry, as he knew he should have lived happily with the plaintiff, and then he should have been happy for the remainder of his life. But he had determined never to marry the plaintiff. Mrs. Blackham was called, and corroborated the above particulars; and in reply to Sergeant O'Brien, she stated that the defendant did not look so old last year as he did that day in court, when the defendant, an old looking man, amidst the laughter of the court, said, "What makes you suppose I look older now than I did when I proposed for your daughter?" Witness: "You look years older." In answer to Sergeant O'Brien, witness stated that defendant presented her daughter with a ring in August. Defendant (in a very excited manner): "I never gave her a ring; she took it from my finger." (Laughter.) The judge said the defendant must be put out of court if he did not keep quiet. The plaintiff, a well-dressed young lady, here rose up and said, "That was another ring." (Renewed laughter.) The learned judge: We cannot allow either the plaintiff or defendant to appear in this case. Mr. Sergeant O'Brien addressed the jury in mitigation of damages in consequence of the defendant's old age. The jury returned a verdict of 400*£* for the plaintiff.

ESCAPE OF FEDERAL OFFICERS FROM RICHMOND.

ACCORDING to latest accounts, fifty-seven of the 109 Federals who escaped from Richmond, had succeeded in arriving within the Federal lines, or been heard of as safe. The Richmond papers announce that the total number recaptured was twenty-five, leaving twenty-seven yet to be accounted for. A Baltimore correspondent of the *New York World*, in noticing the arrival at that city of some of the escaped prisoners, gives the following description of the manner in which they secured their freedom:—

"They were fifty-one days making a tunnel. Having managed to find access to the cellar, they commenced work, relieving one another as opportunity offered. Their instruments were case-knives, pocket-knives, chisels, and files. Twice they had to abandon their work and commence anew on account of the obstructions which they could not pass. They had hoped to have availed themselves of a culvert, but found it impracticable. After getting through the wall, they disposed of the excavated soil by drawing it out in a spittoon, which they attached to a cord. This would be filled by the party at work in the tunnel, and pulled out into the cellar by their companions, who disposed of it by spreading it in shallow layers over the floor, concealing it beneath the straw. The work was necessarily very slow. So close was the atmosphere in the tunnel that they could remain in it but a few minutes at a time, and their candles would go out. At one time they got so near the street that a small hole about the size of a stove-pipe broke through, but fortunately this was not discovered by the guard, and was a great service, admitting air, enabling them to prosecute their work more rapidly. The tunnel, when completed, was about sixty feet long, and opened into an old tobacco shed, beyond the line of guards. As soon as they found the way clear, they emerged slowly, in small squads of two or three, and sauntered off till they got clear of the guards, making their way towards the Williamsburg-road by the shortest route. The darkness favoured them, and the fact that all the rebel soldiers whom they met were habited in the army coats of 'Uncle Sam,' which they had stolen from the supplies sent to our prisoners by our Government, was of great help to them. Although they were attired in our army overcoats, and many of them had their haversacks, they found the national uniform a better disguise than if they had been provided with genuine rebel uniforms. In order to elude the pursuers, who they knew would soon be on their track, they scattered as much as possible. Many were their hardships and sufferings, and frequent were their narrow escapes from the rebel cavalry, who, the next morning, were bushwhacking in every direction for the *U.S.* joy which they experienced when they first caught sight of our troops sent out to help them and protect them from their pursuers cannot be expressed. To the officers and men of the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, whom they first met, they express most profound gratitude for their unbounded kindness; and also bear testimony to the gallantry with which these gallant fellows pursued the rebel cavalry and rescued many of the way-worn fugitives, who otherwise would have been recaptured. There is good reason to hope that many more will yet come in safe."

A MORMON EXECUTION.—Prisoners condemned to death in the Mormon territory are privately shot. A letter from Great Salt Lake City, January 13, says:—"Jason R. Lues, the murderer, paid the extreme penalty of the law yesterday. He was shot at the Court-house in this city before an invited few, canvas screens preventing the public from taking a view, to avoid gratification of a morbid curiosity, according to Mormon custom. The executioners, too, remained in the Court-house, and shot through a window or door-way, to prevent as far as possible unpleasant allusions in the future."

THE LATE SIR W. BROWN, AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—In the summer of 1863 it fell to the lot of William Brown to ask the aid of the Bank of England; and to ask it under circumstances of extreme peril. Almost every bank in the United States had stopped payment. Bills to the amount of some 750,000*£* had been returned upon the house trustee; and when a conference in the Bank parlour revealed the extent of what might follow, it was clear that a credit of two millions sterling would be required to carry through the storm the house of Brown, Shipley and Co. It was given. For the time all rejoiced at a deliverance shared by thousands; and afterwards the tale was told, as it will hereafter be told, with wonder. But, as usual in such cases, the wonder is much diminished when the facts are known. The relief given was great, and the risk was small. The Bank of England had, more clearly than on any other occasion yet recorded, helped to bring about the pressure she was asked thus to relieve.—*Liverpool Albion.*

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ROBBERY.

At Hertford Assizes, Samuel Wabey, 25, was charged with stealing £3, in gold and other monies, the property of Edward Foreman, since deceased.

Mr. Taylor prosecuted. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Codd.

The circumstances under which this charge was preferred against the prisoner were of a very unusual character, he having been in the first instance charged with the crime of wilful murder, and the circumstantial evidence that was brought forward in support of that charge was of such a character that, but for the circumstance of a witness named Currell, who happened accidentally to pass the deceased while in a dying state before the prisoner could have had anything to do with him, in all human probability he would have been convicted of that crime, and paid the penalty of his life for it, the facts proved being of such a description that none would have doubted that the conviction was a just one. The deceased was a young man, a miller by occupation, and he resided near the town of Hitchin, at a mill called Charlton Mill; and it was his habit to go to different places collecting money once a week. He started upon this expedition on the day he met with his death with a white mule, a very fast animal, and a cart, as was his custom, and before he set out his wife gave him £2 in gold and silver, to enable him to give change, this money being wrapped up in a white linen bag. He set out about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of January, and he went to a village called Olliey, and other places, and was paid various sums of money by different persons, amounting altogether to over £9, and he started to return home shortly before seven o'clock in the evening. What occurred after this was never very clearly ascertained, but about seven o'clock in the evening he was seen near a place called Preston, and the mule very shortly afterwards was heard to break into a gallop, as though it had run away, and about two miles from this spot the mule and cart were stopped, the deceased having at this time either fallen or been thrown out of the vehicle. At nine o'clock a baker, named Currell, passing by a place called Preston Hill, found the unfortunate man lying in the middle of the road and snoring or breathing very hard, and he appeared to have attempted to rouse him but could not do so, and he went on his way, and at a short distance he met the prisoner Wabey, accompanied by a lad named Joseph Harmer, his brother-in-law, and he told them that there was a man lying in the road, and to this fact the prisoner probably owed his escape from being tried for the murder, as it turned out that the injuries received by the deceased were as much to be attributed to blows from a bludgeon or other blunt instrument as to a fall. The prisoner seemed to have told Currell that he should not meddle with the man, but according to the evidence given by the boy Harmer before the magistrate, when they got up to the place where the deceased was lying the prisoner first turned him over and said he did not know who he was, and then felt down his clothes, and told the boy to go on, and in a few minutes he rejoined him and said that "he had got his — money," and showed him something in a linen bag. This boy, when he was cross-examined, attempted evidently to screen the prisoner, and represented that he did not know what it was that the prisoner showed him, but the other evidence established in the clearest possible manner that the prisoner had committed a most cruel and heartless robbery upon the unfortunate man while he was lying in a dying state. The deceased seemed to have lain three or four hours in the road before any assistance was rendered to him, and he was then removed to the Hitchin Infirmary where it was found that the whole of his money was gone, and this at first gave rise to the suspicion that a murder had been committed, and the prisoner and the boy Harmer were taken into custody. It was proved that before the day in question the prisoner was in distressed circumstances and in arrears for rent; but on the same night the robbery was committed he changed two or three pieces of gold, and that on the following day he took the boy to St Albans, leaving his work, upon a pleasure excursion, and paid all his expenses. Besides this, it appeared that his smock frock was bloody, and that when he was questioned he denied having seen the deceased at all on the night he met his death, but it appeared that he did afterwards say to one of the witnesses that he saw the deceased on the road, and that he thought his brains had been knocked out, but he denied having touched him, and said that his reason for this was that he had once got into trouble through having interfered with a drunken man. It was also proved that when the police searched the prisoner's cottage, they found four sovereigns wrapped up two and two in separate pieces of linen concealed in a dress belonging to the wife of the prisoner, and she could not give any account how this money came into her possession. These were the principal points in the evidence against the prisoner, but there were a variety of other little circumstances which left no doubt whatever of his guilt, and it also seemed extremely probable that, if instead of plucking the unhappy man, the prisoner had obtained assistance, his life might possibly have been saved.

Mr. Codd made an able address to the jury for the prisoner, and endeavoured to show that during the many hours the unfortunate deceased had laid upon the road he might have been robbed by some other person, and that the money dispensed by the prisoner was his own savings.

The Lord Chief Baron having summed up, the jury almost immediately returned a verdict of "Guilty."

His lordship, in passing sentence, told the prisoner that he had been convicted of a very cruel offence, and the evidence against him was perfectly conclusive. The crime of robbery was, under any circumstances, a serious crime, but in the present case there was this aggravation, that the prisoner had robbed a man who, according to his own story, he found lying upon the road with, as he thought, his brains knocked out, and instead of endeavouring to render him any assistance he plundered him of all his money he had about him. Under these circumstances he should sentence him to be kept in penal servitude for four years.

The learned Judge then ordered the boy Harmer into custody, in order that he might be taken before a magistrate to be dealt with, either as having been concerned in the robbery or for the wilful perjury which he said there was no doubt he had committed.

EXPENSIVE SYMPATHY.—With reference to an address of sympathy which was presented to the Holy Father on the day of "St Peter's Chair" by a number of foreigners, forty or fifty Englishmen included, the correspondent of the *Times* at Rome mentions that the honour of the reception had unexpected consequences. Monsignore Nardi, it is told, has been to several, perhaps to many or most of those who signed the address, informing them that his holiness would expect them to contribute to "Peter's Pence." Several, according to my authority, who is a highly respectable and well-informed person, replied that no one would object to put down his £5 note. "Five pounds!" exclaimed Monsignore; "his holiness £5 note." We have not so much to dispose of, replied one. So how the matter was decided is doubtful. I must add that Monsignore Nardi is an extremely officious person, and that the Government has been compelled at times to disown him."

On Saturday morning a workman, while engaged upon the works of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company at Blackfriars bridge, fell into the water. The tide was running up strongly at the time, and the unfortunate man was carried by the current under the archway of the bridge. He sank and rose to the surface twice in view of the crowds on the bridge; but though a dozen oars put off to his rescue, and the river steamboats stopped near to under assistance, he finally sank, and was drowned.

TRIAL FOR MURDER, AND SENTENCE OF DEATH.

At Warwick assizes, George Hall was tried for the wilful murder of his wife. Mr. Adams and Mr. Buzzard conducted the prosecution; Mr. Sergeant O'Brien and Mr. Stephen appeared for the defence.

The prisoner, who is a jeweller's stamper, twenty-two years of age, and who has hitherto borne the character of a steady, peaceable, humane man, was married to the deceased on last Christmas Day. Previously and up to the very day of her marriage the woman had been "keeping company" with a man named Martin Joy, and on the evening of her wedding day she left her husband and returned to her mother's house. On the following day she was taken back to her husband by her parents, and remained with him for some days. Early in January she again returned to her mother, and resided at her house, living apart from her husband up to the 16th of February, the day of her death. The day after she left him upon this second occasion the prisoner came to her mother's house to learn the reason of her leaving him. They went out and had some conversation together, and on her return her mother said to her, "I hope you have settled it. I should like to see you happy." The daughter answered, "I have deceived me in saying that he had a home to take me to." Her mother replied, "Never mind, Sarah; you are both young and strong, and he is a steady man; you will soon have a home." The deceased, however, said that she would not live with him again till he had a home. After that she continued to live with her mother, and they worked together. During this time she appears on one occasion to have been at the theatre with Martin Joy, for her husband charged her with the fact, and she admitted that she had gone to the theatre with a female friend and had met Martin Joy there. On the 16th of February the deceased was seen by her mother talking to the prisoner in the street near the factory where the latter worked, and they all three went to the mother's house. With reference to this interview the mother deposed:—"At first the prisoner sat away from the fire. I asked him to come nearer and he said he was not cold. He went for some beer and it was drunk by all of us. When she was handing back the glass he looked up in her face and said, 'Sarah, what makes you look so solid?' She gave him a bit of a smile, but said nothing. I asked him if he had heard anything of the Worcester murder, and he said he had not. He afterwards whispered to my daughter, and she replied in the same manner. He sat with his head on her shoulder. At ten o'clock he got up as if he were going away. He went to the door, she following, but without her bonnet and shawl. When he got to the door he said, 'Sarah, put on your things.' She said, 'Never mind, it does not matter.' He said, 'Put them on. I want to go into Constitution-hill to fetch something.' She did as he requested, and went out with him. He said he would bring her back to the top of the street. She never came back alive. About half-past eleven o'clock the same evening the prisoner went into the Wellington Inn and asked the landlord to drink with him, saying, 'Perhaps it will be the last time you will have an opportunity.' He was asked what he meant, and said, 'I have done it: I have done for my wife. He went on to say that he had shot her on Dartmouth-street bridge, and produced a brace of pistols, one of which was loaded, while the other appeared to have been recently discharged. He afterwards said, "I courted her for seven years. I loved her intensely. She complained of being poor. She went home on the night of our marriage, saying that she was going to sleep with her mother, and slept with another man. The night after she came back to me, my shopmates used me cruelly. The apprentices told me about my wife going with other men. What could I do?" The prisoner was then taken to his father's house, and, addressing his father and mother, said, "I have told you I would do it, and I have done it." It was proved that the prisoner had bought the pistols with some powder and bullets on the morning of the same day. The deceased was found lying on her back in the road near Dartmouth-street bridge. She had received a pistol shot in the cheek, and died on the following day without being able to speak so as to give any account of what had occurred.

Mr. Sergeant O'Brien commented upon the provocation the prisoner had received. Who knew what had happened on the fatal evening? Perhaps he might have seen something which so enraged him that he executed instant vengeance upon his wife; or, on the other hand, the death of the deceased might have been accidental.

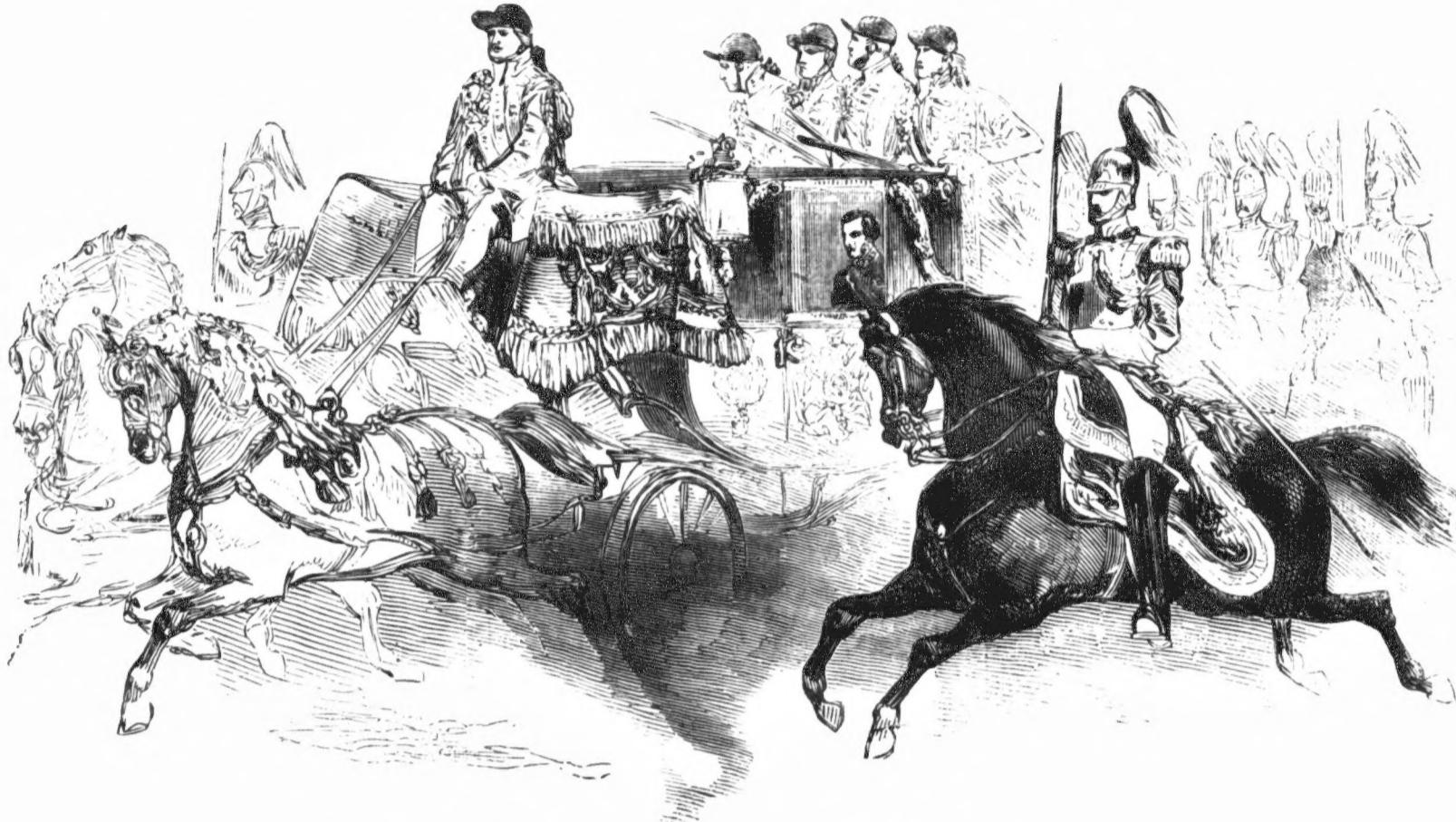
The jury retired to deliberate for a quarter of an hour, and then returned into court with a verdict of "Guilty," accompanied by a strong recommendation to mercy on account of the provocation which prisoner had received at the hands of the murdered woman.

Upon hearing the verdict, the prisoner appeared to wake up from a state of stupor, and there ensued one of the most distressing scenes that have ever been witnessed in a court of justice. He said: "I may be allowed to say a few words before I am condemned to die. I have kept company with her for more than three years, and during that time there is no man on earth that loved a girl better; and all that time she loved another. I married her, for she said she had no home to dwell in. I said, 'Sarah, I have a good home, and will you share it?' She said, 'George, if you will give me one chair and a stool I will dwell with you till the day I die.' We were married on Christmas-day, as they have said. At night she said she was poorly and went home to her mother, and on Saturday night she slept with Martin. She came to me again after being in bed with that man. Is there a heart of a man in a Christian land who will condemn or sentence the condemnation of a poor man under such circumstances? When she said to me in the presence of her mother that I had threatened her life, she said also with a sneer, 'The first child that is born shall be fathered on you and you shall not be the father of it.' When I am dead and gone, there is no one here who will say that I harmed a hair of her head. If Martin Joy were here he would not deny what I say about him. Let my parents visit me, and let my friends visit me and pray with me in the condemned cell, and let me then rise to the throne of God and be judged by our Lord Jesus Christ. I shall then see her where no man can tear her from me. I hope the Lord will pardon my sins, and take me before the time appointed for my execution into a better world. I say candidly that Martin Joy has been the ruin of my life, that might have been comfortable and happy."

The poor wretch then fell, in a fainting condition, into the arms of the warders. The scene in court during the delivery of this address was indescribable. Every one present was visibly affected, and the woman who thronged the gallery sobbed aloud.

As soon as the emotion had in some measure subsided, the learned judge, who appeared much moved by what had taken place, passed sentence of death upon the prisoner.

THE CRAWLEY COURT-MARTIAL.—An approximate return from the War-office has been published, showing the expenses expended by the court-martial, distinguishing the proportions to be defrayed from Imperial and Indian revenues respectively. The amount is as follows:—Cost of transport for witnesses, &c., from India to England, £5,834 10s.; travelling expenses for witnesses, &c., in England, £458 4s. 7d.; pay and allowances of witnesses, &c., £9,288 1s. 7d.; estimated cost of transport back to India, £2,901 11s. 10d.; expenses of Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, and of certain witnesses, telegrams, cabs, &c., £127 17s. 8d.; Messrs. Gurney and Sons, for transcripts of evidence, &c., £213 17s. 8d.; fitting up club at Aldershot, fuel, light, and repairs of furniture, £54 18s. 8d.; incidental expenses, £17 16s. 4d.; total, £18,878 17s. 6d. The above expenditure will be defrayed from Imperial revenues.



THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS WAY TO THE LEVEE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS WAY TO THE LEVEE.

On Wednesday, March 2nd, the Prince of Wales, by command of the Queen, held a levee at St. James's Palace on behalf of her Majesty. The Prince of Wales, attended by his gentlemen in waiting, arrived from Marlborough House about two o'clock, and was received by the great officers of state of the Queen's household. The above is an illustration of the Prince of Wales in the royal carriage, on his way to the ceremony at St. James's.

OPENING OF THE MUSEUM ON SUNDAY.—DEPUTATION TO LORD PALMERSTON.

A NUMEROUS deputation, on behalf of the representatives of the various trades, waited on Lord Palmerston, at the Home-office, on February 23rd, relative to opening the British Museum and other places on the Sabbath. The deputation was received most courteously; and, though Lord Palmerston fully sympathised with the objects of the deputation, and listened attentively to the remarks made, he could not hold out any hopes at present of the object being

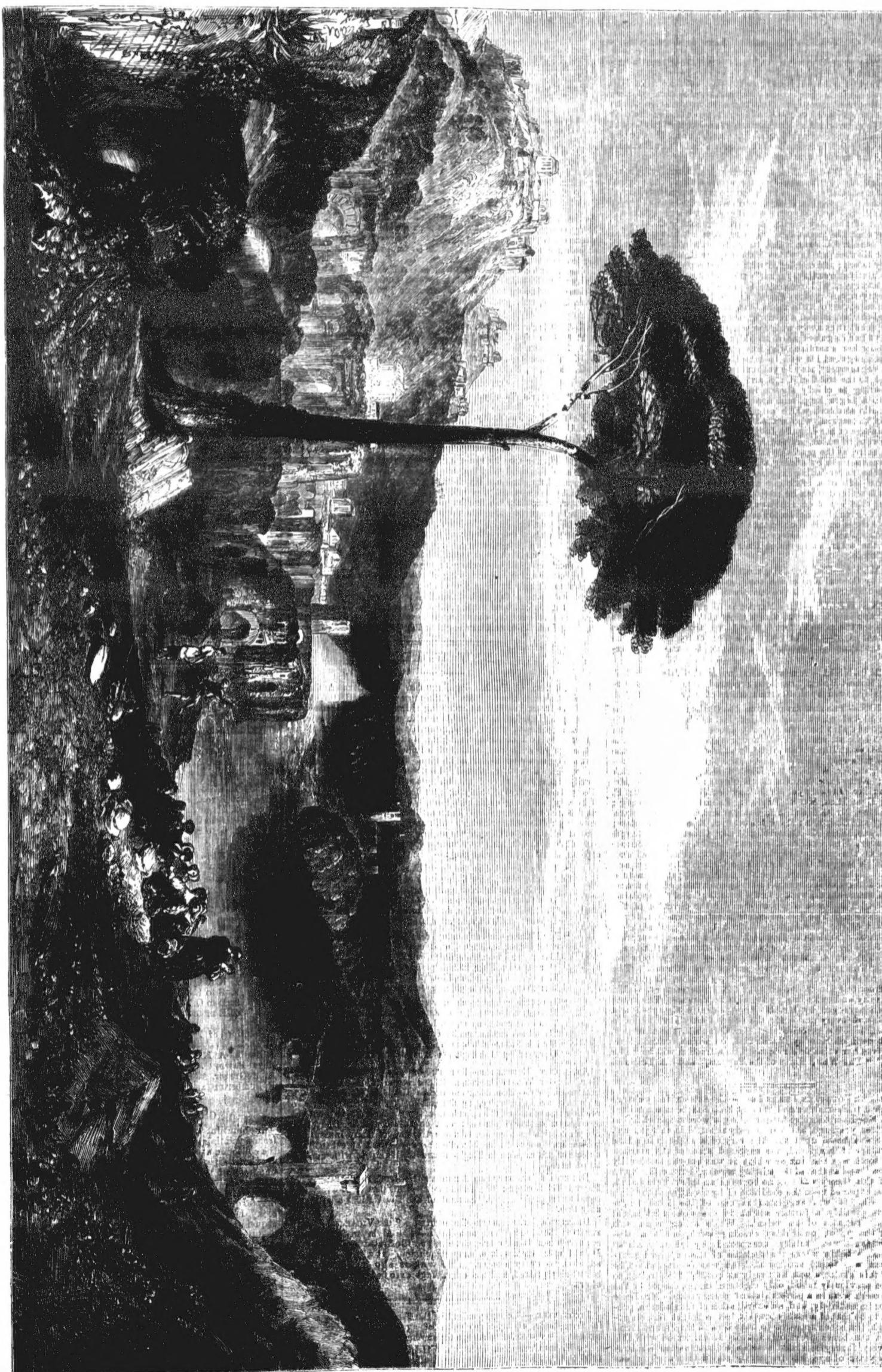
attained. We give an illustration below of the deputation waiting on Lord Palmerston.

MONS. PETITPA, ballet master of the French opera, has been appointed dancing-master to the Imperial Prince.

THE DANISH CAMPAIGN.—Ten military surgeons have been sent from Vienna to bring back by train the wounded Austrians. There are at present in Schleswig, besides the regimental surgeons, fifty-four medical men employed in the hospitals.—*Lancet*.



DEPUTATION TO LORD PALMERSTON ON THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM ON THE SABBATH.



"CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE." (From a Painting by J. M. W. TURNER, from the Collection at the National Gallery.) (See page 618.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—The season here is drawing to a close. During the past week Macfarren's opera "She Stoops to Conquer" has alternated with Wallace's "Maritana," concluding with the operetta of "Fanchette." This (Saturday) evening, Mr. W. Harrison takes his benefit; and, on Monday evening next, Miss Louisa Pyne also takes her benefit. We trust, on each occasion, their patrons will reward them with a full house, in appreciation of the zeal both have displayed in their managerial career during the past season. We must add that Mr. Harrison has selected "The Rose of Castile" and "The Beggar's Opera," for his night, and Miss Louisa Pyne "The Crown Diamonds," and the second act of "The Puritan's Daughter," for Monday evening.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday evening last Lord Byron's remarkable tragedy of "Manfred" was revived with all its original scenic and musical effects. The reproduction was warmly welcomed by a well-filled house. Mr. Phelps, who resumes the hero, delivered his fine soliloquies with his usual eloquent care and judgment; and the cast of the play remaining equally unchanged with the spectacular embellishments, the dramatic poem continues to be as effectively rendered as ever. The entertainments commenced with the "Four Mowbrays," in which Master Percy Roselle showed extraordinary talent; and concluded with what the playbill describes as a "Transatlantic extravaganza," entitled "The Alabama." The playgoer, however, will recognise it as a production launched some twenty-seven years since as "The Spitfire." The alteration extends to little more than a change in the names of the chief characters, and a rechristening of the vessel. How a smart lieutenant runs away with the ward of a Cockney outfit, and conveys her disguised as a midshipman on board a man-of-war, and how her guardian, who has assumed the naval uniform, is made much against his will to take the command of the vessel during an engagement, may be yet remembered. The scene is now transferred to the coast of Cuba, and the attempt made to infuse local colouring is chiefly shown in the conversion of a tavern wailer into a negro help, and applying to the Confederate flag those patriotic allusions which originally belonged to the British. Miss Lydia Thompson, who made her first appearance this season, takes advantage of her disguise in jacket and trousers to dance a sailor's hornpipe, which, as usual, elicited a general encore; and Mr. G. Balmor, as the peaceable tailor, avails himself of the usual provocatives to mirth by adding a ludicrous misapplication of sea phrases to the never-failing expedient of tripping himself up with the long coat-tails of a misfitting naval uniform. The climax of merriment is reached when he creeps for safety into the funnel of the steamer that has been shot away during the engagement and reappears, to give his sanction to the union of the runaway lovers, with visible signs on his countenance of the contact with carbon that has taken place in the interval. The audience laughed at the oddity of the actor, and greeted their popular favourite with a kindly welcome.

ST. JAMES'S.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Colonel Keppel and the Hon. R. Mead, honoured the St. James's Theatre with his presence on Saturday evening.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Miss Marriott still continues to receive unbounded applause for her able rendering of "Hamlet." At the end of each act the same honour is now being accorded to her as on her benefit night—that of being called on every time. "The Prince of the Peaceful Islands" still remains the amusing after-piece.

THE BRITANNIA.—A new drama, under the title of "Evil Hands and Honest Hearts," has been produced here with considerable success, followed by the last new drama of "The Outcasts."

PAVILION.—The new drama, from the Christmas tale in Bow Bells the plot of which we gave in our last as played at the City of London, has also been successfully produced at the Pavilion Theatre. The cast, scenic effects, and general production of the drama at this establishment are certainly in advance of its rival, the City. The following is the full cast of the piece as here played:—Ralph Morgan, Mr. W. H. Pitt; Edward Morgan, Mr. Frederick Merchant; Armstrong, Mr. Charles Robinson; Old Morgan, Mr. Henderson; Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. A. Saville; John Lump, Mr. F. Bould; Evan Ross, Mr. H. Llados; Thomas, Mr. R. Young; Black Johnson, Mr. G. Hamilton; Granger and Cranshaw, Messrs. F. H. Henry and Chapman; Maud Llewellyn, Miss Georgina Ross; Jenny Morgan, Miss M. Campbell; Betty Green, Miss Maggie Forde; Maggy, Mrs. Charles Robinson; Martha, Miss Atkinson. The whole of the principal characters were exceedingly well sustained. Ralph Morgan, George Armstrong, Maud Llewellyn, and Maggy, may perhaps be more specially mentioned, yet all in turn came in for a share of applause, and at the conclusion of the drama the curtain was again drawn up, to the gratification of the applauding audience. The drama is produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Robinson. The following are the tableaux introduced, with the aid of the lime light:—Tableau 1. The good night—a Christmas carol. Tableau 2. Moonlight on the lake—the surprise. Tableau 3. The vision—the attempted murder of Edward Morgan. Tableau 4. Maud in disguise—the Trappers on the hills. Tableau 5. The tree across the cataract. The latter, by means of real water, was very effective, as may be imagined from our illustration on page 618. The scenery, by Mr. Quick, is pretty and exceedingly natural in appearance. The music is also well arranged by Mr. B. Hope. Messrs. Campbell and Chappell deserve every praise for the interest they have taken in the production. We perceive that Mr. Campbell, the manager, takes his benefit on Monday, March 21st, on which occasion Miss Marriott gives her valuable services. The attraction will be "The Sea of Ice," "The White Horse of the Peppers," and "A Year and a Day."

THE MURDER FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.—The extraordinary charge upon which a tradesman named Weekly Ball has been committed for trial in Northamptonshire for murdering a woman named Lydia Atlee, fourteen years ago, has been already reported in this journal. The charge was based upon the discovery of a skeleton in a lane near the village of Ringstead, the supposed scene of the murder. A missing tooth was the link by which it was sought to identify the skeleton found as that of the missing woman, but a difficulty in the way of this theory was that no bones of an infant were found, as would be expected from the condition of Lydia Atlee at the time of her death. It was suggested in one of the local newspapers that possibly a further search in the same spot might disclose the remains of an infant. While acting upon this suggestion the police, on Friday evening week, made a discovery which was totally unexpected by them. About eighteen inches below where the skeleton of the supposed murdered woman was found another skeleton was discovered. The position of this skeleton was as nearly as possible foot to foot to the skeleton previously found, only eighteen inches deeper in the soil. The teeth were in a perfect state of preservation. Mr. Leete was sent for immediately, and, on examination of the skeleton, pronounced it to be that of a man about six feet in height but, singularly enough, the bones appeared to have been in the ground much longer than the bones previously found. In connexion with this later discovery, it may be stated that an old man named Williamson, ninety years of age, has frequently stated that a gipsy was buried near that spot many years ago, and, indeed, the place seems to have been a gipsy's burial-ground. The bones of the skeleton are now in the possession of the police.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES.—8 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Lionesse, 5 yrs. 8st 8lb (1); 15 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Wingrave, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (1).

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—6 to 1 agst Count F. de La-grange's Fille de l'Air (1).

THE CHESTER CUP.—33 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Merry Hart (1); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Crisis (1); 33 to 1 agst Mr. J. Parker's Farce (1).

THE DERBY.—9 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off. 19) to 1); 13 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broek's Paris (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. J. Osborne's Prince Arthur (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broek's Idler (1); 59 to 1 agst Mr. T. Valentine's Hollyfox (1); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Baragah (1).

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

As the day fixed for this great national aquatic event (the 19th of March) approaches the interest of the public increases. On Monday afternoon a picked crew was got up to give the Oxonians a turn, in accordance with the usual custom, at Oxford, and a race of exceeding interest took place below Nuneham.

The scratch crew comprised, besides the President of the Oxford University Boat Club (Mr. Carr), several Oxford oars of great experience, including the Messrs. Morrison. The names, however, as given below, will speak for themselves:—

MR. CARR'S CREW.

1. S. C. Illingworth, Brasenose.	6. C. E. Harris, Brasenose.
2. F. F. Lambert, Corpus.	7. R. Shepherd, ditto.
3. A. Morrison, Balliol.	C. B. Carr, Wadham (stroke)
4. W. W. Goddard, Exeter.	F. C. Clutterbuck, Trinity (coxswain).
5. G. Morrison, Balliol	

OXFORD UNIVERSITY CREW.

1. C. P. Roberts, Trinity.	7. M. Brown, Trinity.
2. W. Awdrey, Balliol.	D. Pocklington, Brasenose (stroke).
3. F. H. Kelly, University.	C. E. Tottenham, O. C. O. (coxswain).
4. J. C. Parson, Trinity.	
5. W. B. Jacobson, O. C. O.	
6. A. E. Seymour, University.	

The river being swollen to a great extent owing to the recent heavy rains, and the wind blowing very strongly from the west, caused an unusual roughness. Mr. Carr lay under the Berkshire shore at the mile bush until the "Varsity eight," which rowed from Sandford, came within a few lengths, when he put on a quick stroke and led them through the railway bridge, at which point the gap had been somewhat lessened, as the powerful stroke of Mr. Pocklington told more effectively in the rough water than the dash of Mr. Carr. Upon reaching the corner the eight put on a spurt and caught up their opponents, whose want of condition telling upon them, enabled the former to take the lead, which they maintained to the finish. The rowing of the eight afforded great satisfaction to those who were present, although it was observed the stroke oar lacked the dash which had been the distinguishing feature of the Oxford boat for the past three seasons. Mr. Hoare, the gentleman referred to, was expected to row in the scratch crew, but was unable to do so through slight indisposition.

NEW WORKS.

SHAKESPEARE. A POEM. BY RICHARD Y. STURGES. AUTHOR OF "THE MISSION OF BEAUTY," &c. BIRMINGHAM: W. D. HALL. LEDSAM- STREET, LADYWOOD.—The approaching tercentenary of Shakespeare's birthday will doubtless be seized with avidity by every aspiring poet as a theme on which to pour out his soul in offerings to the Muses. It is a tempting subject; and any one burning with poetic fire, or even zeal, will find ample scope in the immortal bard's pages to write for a lifetime. It is, however, a subject on which a young author, however he might study and versify in secret, should not hurry such productions into print. We spoke of several of this young author's efforts in his "Mission of Beauty" as being commendable. We cannot speak so well of his tribute to Shakespeare. We extract three cantos as reading very smoothly; the rest do not keep sufficiently to the subject, and show a laboured effort, as though the author were timid of the work he had in hand, and felt his own want of power to work out his conceptions of the great master poet:—

"Music as varied as the 'myriad mind'
Of him whom now I sing with deferent voice;
Weirdlike as thunder rolling on the wind,
In its own grandeur seeming to rejoice:

"Then soft, and tender, as the breezy balm
Of woodland's odorous breath, and wild birds' psalm.

"For Nature—in each many-varying phase,
Sublime, or beauteous, wild, serene, or chaste,
Her rugged mountain rocks, her flowing ways,
Her rapid rolling with impetuous haste,

"Her storms terrific, and her pealy showers,
Her changing tints which greet the new-born-hours—

"Is not more beauteous, more sublime or grand,
More sweet, or tender, solemn, bright or fair
Than the creations which his brain hath plann'd,
To school the human heart with lessons rare

"Which Nature's favoured sons alone can teach,
Upraised by God high Wisdom's fruit to reach."

AMERICAN REBELLION.—REPORT OF THE SPEECHES OF THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER. MANCHESTER UNION AND EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.—The admirers of the Rev. H. W. Beecher will now have an opportunity, by the publication of these reports, of reading the whole of the speeches, many of them revised, of this gentleman during his recent visit to this country. One of the objects of this publication is the correction of many inaccuracies which had appeared in Mr. Beecher's reported speeches. The objects of his mission to England are well known without repetition here.

DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS, PART I. L. LONDON: WARD AND LOCK.—This part is in every way equal to its predecessors. Several of the illustrations are remarkably fine.

DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED GOLDSMITH. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. LONDON: WARD AND LOCK.—The style in which this popular work is now brought out and illustrated by the Brothers Dalziel must ensure it a large circulation. It will be a welcome addition to every library. This work is also on tinted paper, beautifully printed, and the engravings executed in the first style of art.

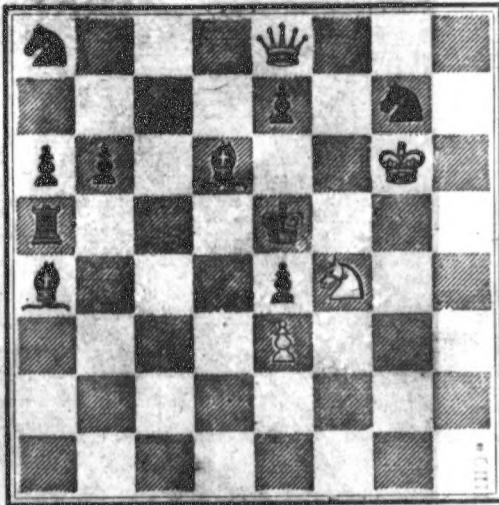
LONGEVITY.—A correspondent of the *Times* says there is a man in Barnstaple, eighty-three years of age, who resides with his mother. We wonder what age the mother is.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLCOX AND GIERSH SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 17, Regent-street.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 163.

[From Mr. Wormald's work upon Chess Openings.]

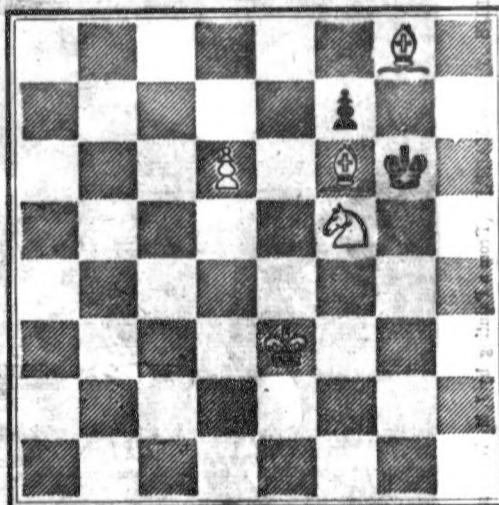


White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 164.—By Mr. B.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 155.

1. Kt to K Kt 4 (ch)	1. K moves
2. B to Q square (ch)	2. "
3. Kt to K Kt 5 (ch)	3. "
4. B to Q 8 (ch)	4. R takes B
5. Q to K 6 (mate)	5. Q to K 6 (mate)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 156.

1. Kt to K B 6 (ch)	1. Kt takes Kt
2. B to R 7 (ch)	2. Kt takes B (a)
3. Q takes Kt (mate)	(a)

2. K takes R, or K to R

3. Q takes Kt (mate)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 157.

1. B to K B 8 (a)	1. P moves
2. R to Q Kt 7	2. K "
3. K to Q Kt 4 (ch)	3. K "
4. Kt to Q 8 (mate)	4. Kt to Q 8 (mate)

(a) The following is another and more artistic solution:—

1. K to Q 8	1. P moves
2. B to R 8	2. K takes Kt
3. B to Q 7	3. K moves
4. B mates	

Solutions of Problems up to the present date, by H. S. Monger, T. D. West, R. Joyce, Veotis J. Bayliss, C. Munday, D. F. F. J. Barlin, A. Manchester Man, J. P. (Yoxford), Clegg of Oldham, Royal Pawn, G. M. Heath and Cobb (Margate), J. Mills, J. Parker, A. McGregor, A. Baird, M. A. R. (Brighton), G. J. Fox, A. Mayhew, E. Pemberton, and T. Cattiss—correct.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE beautiful engraving which will be found on page 617 is from a painting by the late celebrated artist, J. M. W. Turner, from the collection at Marlborough House. This work of Turner's is one of exquisite fancy and poetry, and has since served as a model for hundreds of vignettes in landscape annuals, and act drops and transformation scenes for fairy scenes in our theatres. The evening tints, the mellow glow on the figures, the translucent water, the rocky heights, the ruined temples, show Mr. Turner's intimate acquaintance and study, and almost intuitive knowledge of the beautiful in actuality.

CHIMING CLOCK.—"The large clock in the centre transept is a fine piece of mechanism, one of the largest chiming."—Morning Post, Sept. 25, 1862. Clocks by the first artists of the day for the drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, library, hall, staircase, bracket, carriage, church, turret, railways, warehouse, counting-house, musical, and astronomical. Church and turret clocks specially estimated for Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Clocks (free by post for two stamps), with descriptions and prices, enables those who live in any part of the world to select a clock. Also a short Pamphlet on Cathedral and public clocks, free for one stamp. Prize Medal and Honourable Mention in Classes 58 and 59. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by Special Warrant of Appointment, to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS

GUILDCALL

ALL DRUNK TOGETHER—Abraham Tucker, aged 50, described as a cab driver, and James Brown, 35, an engine fitter, were both charged before Alderman Besley with being drunk. Tucker was also charged with indecently assaulting a lady, who rode in his cab, and Brown was also charged with representing himself to be a detective officer, for the purpose of extorting money from the lady's husband. When the prisoners were placed at the bar the names of the prosecutor and prosecutor were called, but not responded to. The police sheet was then handed up to the magistrate, but the prosecutor's signature showed such an evident inclination for the horizontal line on which it was written, that it was impossible to decipher the name. Alderman Besley: What state was the gentleman in when he signed the charge sheet? Brown: The gentleman and I were both drunk, sir. Alderman Besley: Was that so, officer? Harrison: The gentleman was drunk, and so were both of the prisoners, sir. Alderman Besley: What do you know of the case? Harrison: Only that I found them all drunk together. The gentleman charged the cabman with indecently assaulting his wife, and Brown with extorting £1 from him. Brown said he had received a sovereign from the gentleman, who gave the name of Anderson, and handed it over to me. Mr. Anderson represented himself as a merchant, but on going to the address he gave me, I found he was not living there. Tucker: I had been driving Mr. Anderson and the lady about, and claimed £1.50 for my fare, and Brown merely intended to protect me from being ill-used. Brown: I saw the gentleman assaulting the cabman and told him to leave off, as I was a detective officer, and he then gave me a sovereign to pay the cabman with. Alderman Besley: It is quite clear that you were both drunk, and I therefore fine you 5s each; and as there is no evidence against you on the other charges, they are dismissed.

WESTMINSTER.

PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF A THIEF—George Harding was charged with robbery. About one o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th ult. John Watley, butler to Mr. Bulley, of 20, Chester-square, laid the cloth for luncheon in the dining room. He had occasion to go to the kitchen, and on his return as he approached the room he heard the rattling of silver inside. He immediately put down what he had in his hand, opened the door, and saw the prisoner. He had entered the dining room by climbing over the area railing, and through the window, which had been left partly open, and he made his escape in the same way. Watley immediately looked at the table and found that two of the spoons had been removed, but hastily dropped. He then followed the prisoner as far as Eaton-square, where, having given instructions to another man to take up the chase, he returned to his master's house, having left the street door open. The prisoner from Eaton-square was pursued by a man named Robinson, and after a smart chase was captured in Chesham place. Some persons, who appeared to be acquainted with him, then came up and wanted to know what business Robinson had with the man, and the prisoner, taking advantage of his partner's being enraged, began to make off, but a police-constable having observed a crowd in Chesham-place, and seeing the prisoner dart out of it, pursued him with Robinson. They never lost sight of him, and jumping into a cab overtook him in Halkin-street, where he was captured. On searching him a few matches were found in his pockets, and a fire-palmetto knife, such as is used by thieves to unfasten the latches of windows. The prisoner, who is a well-known thief, is said to have been convicted no less than fourteen times, and the last conviction having been formally proved against him, he was committed for trial.

HOW PRISONERS NOW ESCAPE PUNISHMENT—The last State of Things.—In the arrival on the day of the police van with prisoners from the House of Detention, Dennis, the gaoler of the court, said that the police-sergeant in charge of the van was anxious to make a representation to the magistrate respecting a person committed to his charge. Mr. Arnold inquired what it was? Sergeant: I wish to bring a master under your notice. I received a prisoner from here yesterday afternoon to be conveyed to Whitecross-street Prison, and took him there with his commitment. What occurred? I tendered him and the commitment to the governor of the gaol, and he refused to receive or detain the man. What did you do? I opened the van door and let him go. I then discharged him in the street.

Mr. Arnold: It seems that an order had been issued that certain prisoners are to be taken to Whitecross-street, where the ordinary course seems to be not to take them in. Sergeant: I believe there was a similar case last night from Clerkenwell Police-court to the one I have stated. Mr. Arnold:

There seems to be some extraordinary misunderstanding or difficulty in the matter. Sergeant: The governor of Whitecross-street Prison told me that he was acting under the direction of the City authorities in refusing to receive the prisoner, and that he had also taken the advice of the City magistrate on the subject before his refusal. Mr. Arnold: I cannot understand the master. Sergeant: Shall I leave the man's commitment here, your worship? Mr. Arnold: Oh, no, certainly not; we have done with it.

A VICTIM TO DRUNK—Margaret Selfe, a respectable-looking woman, was charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of herself. A police-constable proved finding her in the state described on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Selfe: What have you to say to the charge? Defendant: Oh, your worship! I suffer from great remorse of conscience whenever I drink, and therefore I hope your worship will pardon me like a good man as you are. I am an educated woman, and I know you are a good man.

Mr. Selfe: I remember you—you were here before, and you told me I was a good man then. Defendant: Perhaps I did, your worship. Mr. Selfe: I did not believe you. Defendant: I am a staunch teetotaller in my heart.

Mr. Selfe: You have an odd way of illustrating it. Defendant: I live a good life when I don't drink, and my husband made me do it this time. I told him: You know the remorse I feel if I drink—but he still led me into it. Mr. Selfe: He could not have made you take it if you were not disposed. I think. Defendant: Forgive me, your worship but if you let me go it will do a great deal of good. Mr. Selfe: How? Defendant: It will be the means of the conversion of many by showing a good example to poor wandering creatures, and showing them the consequences of drunkenness.

Mr. Selfe: In which you indulge yourself. Defendant: It was through my husband's temptation. I am a religious good Catholic, and it is not because I am that I am opposed to any one else. I am kind to every one, because they are God's creatures. When I touch a glass, I am not right in my head.

Mr. Selfe: Then don't take the glass. Defendant: Your worship, I want to be good but I can't. I'll go and take the pledge, and never drink any more if you let me go; it will be a great service to others. Be merciful to me.

Mr. Selfe: Yes, I'll be very merciful. I shall fine you 5s. The money was paid.

CLERKENWELL.

A CURIOUS APPLICATION—**ARE LOVE GIFTS RECOVERABLE?**—A lady-like young woman, over whose head scarce one-and-twenty summers had passed, whose hair was of a dark nature, bandaged back in an apparently careless fashion, and who spoke with great earnestness, applied to Mr. D'Eyncourt for advice under the following circumstances:—The applicant said: My dear sir, excuse me, and don't think I am intrusive, when I ask you if a young man, and that young man a foreigner, and he says a count in the land that gave him birth, can make me give him back the presents he has given to me! You will think it strange, but I have given him back the things no less than three times, telling him that I did not wish for him or his presents; and yet, strange to say, he has as many times returned them to me, and has threatened, whether I consent or not, that he will marry me. That man lives opposite to me, and tries me to death. By the advice of my friends, on the last occasion I kept the things, and although he has spoken to me in the streets, I have taken no notice of him. Yesterday, he wrote me a letter, stating that if I did not consent to marry him he would murder me, and shortly afterwards wrote to me for the presents he had sent me; but my friends, thinking I had sent them back three times enough, said I had better keep them. Under these circumstances, my dear sir, I wish to know whether I should be justified in doing so? You can hardly conceive the trouble and anxiety that man has caused me, and I really am of opinion that it is worse to be loved by a man you don't like, than to be hated by him (a laugh). Wherever I go I find him after me, and he nearly hinders me to death. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked what the presents consisted of? The applicant (smiling) said that there was the count's *carte de visite*, a brooch, pair of earrings, and some other trifling articles, as well as a gold watch, but it was not of much value. After the trouble she had had, she thought she ought not to give the articles back. Mr. D'Eyncourt said that as applicants had sent the articles back three times, he thought she had better now keep them; and if the count wished them back, she had better let him sue her in the county court, where she could also be a witness.

AN EX-POLICEMAN CHARGED WITH ROBBERY—George Cooper, an ex-policeman, who has for some time past been obtaining his livelihood by acting as watchman on new railway works, was charged before Mr. Barker with stealing some fowls, the property of Mr. E. Dukes, of the Manor-hill, Holloway, and further with committing an assault on Police-constable John Carter, 41s. S. in the execution of his duty. On Saturday night the constable was on duty in a very lonely part of Tufnell-park, when he met the prisoner carrying a sack. He asked him what it contained, and he said fowls, but the constable, touching it, and feeling feathers, said the prisoner would have to go to the police-station with him. The prisoner, on hearing this, pulled a hammer from his pocket, and dealt a blow at the constable with it. In self-defence, the constable drew his staff and struck the

prisoner. A desperate struggle ensued between them, in which the prisoner got hold of the constable's staff and beat him with it. The staff was got away from the prisoner, and he then endeavoured to get a knife from his pocket, and it was not without great difficulty that he could be got to the station. When there, the sack was found to contain six dead fowls, quite warm, and one alive. The prisoner, who had before been in custody on a charge of stealing some wood, and was then discharged, said he had committed the offence because he had been out of work. He did not intend to stab the constable. What he did was in self-defence. Mr. Barker committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

A NICE COURSE—Mary Fury, alias Gaffney, and Thomas Fury, her son, were charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with committing burglaries in the neighbourhood of Camden-town. Mr. Hickst, solicitor, of Frederick-street, Gray's-inn-road, attended for the prosecution. On the 2nd of last month the house of Mr. Charles Belby Williamson, of 58, Charlton-street, Somers-town, was broken open, and some silver coins, a pair of gold earrings, and other articles were taken away. On that morning, about eight o'clock, the female prisoner pawned some of the stolen articles at Mr. Olson's pawnbroker, 55, Caledonian-road. On the 11th of last month the Cooper's Arms, Hampden-street, Somers-town, was also broken open, but being disturbed, the thieves only took away two pairs of boots and two pairs of slippers. The same morning the male prisoner sold the stolen slippers, and a few hours after the burglary the female prisoner again went to Mr. Olson's and offered one of the stolen pairs of boots in pledge. She was stopped and given into custody on the previous charge, and she then said that the articles she had previously pledged and those she was then offering were given to her by a gentleman to pledge. From inquiries that Police-Sergeant Croom, 34, S. made, he ascertained where the prisoner lodged, and on going to the room saw the male prisoner there. On searching the room he found in the chimney a January wine bottle, broad edge, corresponding with the marks on the windows. Both prisoners were suspected of being concerned with other burglars. The prisoners said that they should reserve their defence, and Mr. D'Eyncourt committed them for trial.

MABLEBROUGH STREET.

OBTAINING MONEY BY MEANS OF A FORGED ORDER—John Watson, clerk, of 1, John-street, Berkley-square, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with obtaining by means of a forged order on the London and Westminster Bank the sum of £17 10s., with intent to defraud Mr. John Bent, grocer, said that on the previous evening the prisoner, whom he had known as being in the employ of Mr. Ball, a grocer, in Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, entered the shop and presented an order for some goods, and an order for the payment of the sum of £17 10s. on the Stratford-place branch of the London and Westminster Bank, signed "Bateman," and countersigned "Cecil James Ball," the prisoner saying, "This is for you." He gave the prisoner the money, £17 10s., and after doing so, having a little suspicion as to the authenticity of the signature, remarked to the prisoner that it was a various looking cheque, as the words "on demand" were written twice. The prisoner said, "That is nothing to me; I've nothing to do with that." The prisoner then walked to the counter to get the goods, and he (witness) told him to stand still to detain him while he went to Mr. Ball to see if the cheque was genuine, and on going to Mr. Ball's he found that the signature was a forgery, and that the prisoner had left Mr. Ball's employ on Saturday last. Mr. Cecil James Ball, managing the business of his father, Mr. James Ball, grocer, of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, said the prisoner had been in his father's employ, and was discharged on Saturday last. The signature to the order was not written by him, but it was something like his writing. Mr. Tyrwhitt inquired whether the signature was Lord Bateman's? Mr. Ball said it was not. He had seen Lord Bateman write several times, and cashed his cheques, he being a customer. He (Mr. Ball) always countersigned the cheque on the back, and Mr. Bent cashed them for him. Police-constable Edmunds, 193, C, proved taking the prisoner into custody at the corner of South Audley street (the prisoner having bolted out of Mr. Ball's shop). He said on telling him the charge that he had been sent with the order by a man. One of Mr. Ball's assistants took the money all but half a sovereign from the prisoner, and the half-sovereign (the constable) took from the prisoner's mouth, he being about to swallow it, but was prevented doing so by his grasping his throat. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoner, who had no questions to ask the constable, for a week.

WORSHIP-PLACE.

BURGLARS AT WORK—John Smith, 25, Elizabeth Smith, 23, his wife, Mary Pianzona, 50, his mother, and George Holmes, 20, were placed at the bar before Mr. Cooke on numerous charges of burglary and being in possession of stolen property. Mr. Mitchell conducted the prosecution, and all the prisoners were undressed. Sergeant Bridell, 4 K. and Thimbleby, 119 K., had received information of many burglaries in the neighbourhood of Hackney, Old Ford, Whitechapel, and Victoria-park, and suspecting Smith and some of his relatives to have been concerned in them, they determined to watch their houses. At half-past five in the morning they saw the two women leave the houses together. At half-past seven they returned, the man carrying three birdcages with live birds in them, and the woman as old painting and large bunches. They let them enter the house before they stopped them. The instant the woman was touched by Thimbleby she fainted. The man denied he had been out at all, and declared he had just got up. His wife, on recovering, said she had brought the bunches from her sister's. On both, however, being taken to the station, she acknowledged she had been out with her husband, and waited at the corner of a street while he went into one of the houses which had been robbed. On searching their place a number of keys adapted for opening street doors, with property nondescript stolen, and twenty-eight duplicates, also for property which had been stolen, were discovered. The two other prisoners, who had lived with the Smiths, were afterwards taken, and on them were discovered several keys of a similar description, with twenty-one other duplicates, some of which were also found to be for property the produce of robberies. Mr. Thomas Reed, of Wellington-street, Victoria-park,陈述ed he went home securely when he retired to rest on the night of the 16th ult., and the next morning he was aroused by one of his lodgers, who had discovered the street door open. On his wife examining the place it was evident that thieves had entered their bedroom. She missed a dress, shawl, and other articles from the clothes pegs behind the door, while he missed his coat, waistcoat, trousers, and other property, worth about £7 the trouvers having 13s. or 18s. in the pockets. Holmes was now wearing the trouvers, while the female prisoner Smith had on a dress and fancy hair-net belonging to Mrs. Reed. Mrs. Cordelia Bonnoch, wife of a telegraph-wire maker of Old Ford, Mrs. Elizabeth Bockley, wife of a master carman of the same neighbourhood, Mrs. Susannah Saunders, wife of a valumbinder in Silver-street, Waterloo-Town, Mrs. Susan Eaton, wife of an engineer in York-street, Globe-road, and Miss Emma Daniels, daughter of a tradesman in Thurloe-place, Victoria-park, all now came forward, like Mr. Reed and his wife, and identified watches, chains, dresses, mantles, shawls, books, and a great variety of other articles, produced by the police and different pawnbrokers, as the produce of burglaries and robberies committed in their houses, chiefly between five and seven o'clock in the morning, and of values ranging from £4 to £10. The thieves had evidently watched the husband's departure for business in the morning to enter the houses with false keys, and robbed the bedrooms unknown to the sleeping inmates. The prisoners had nothing material to say in defence, and were ordered by Mr. Cook to be committed for trial on the charges above stated.

THAMES.

ROBBING A SYNAGOGUE—Charles Evans, aged 29, was charged with burglary at the Jew's Synagogue, Great Prescot-street, Whitechapel, and stealing from the "Ark" five scrolls of parchment, containing the five books of Moses (Pentateuch), valued at £60 or £70. Nathan Abraham, reader at the synagogue, locked up the chapel at six o'clock on the previous Wednesday evening, and on going there the following morning he found the back window open, and that the five parchment scrolls had been removed from the Ark. They were bound with silk, and covered with silk mantles, and there was an ivory pointer on the scrolls used in reading the Hebrew. He identified the silk and pointer produced as those belonging to the scrolls. Emanuel Abraham, of Cable-street, said he purchased the silk and ivory pointer of the prisoner between twelve and one o'clock on the Thursday for 2s. 2d. There were three pieces of blue silk, three pieces of blue ribbon, and six pieces of yellow silk. He was a Jew, and had seen ivory pointers like that at Jew's synagogue, and he did not know what they were till a neighbour told him. About an hour after a man came from the synagogue, and he produced the things which were afterwards delivered to the police. That morning he was sent for to the synagogue, and on his way home he called at a coffee-shop and saw the prisoner, and gave him into custody. Mr. Partridge expressed his disgust that a Jew attending synagogue should have bought such articles, and said he should not allow the witness his expenses. Prisoner said he bought the things of a man in Petticoat-lane for 2s., and that he had been told by Emanuel Abraham to bring him property at any time, whether he obtained it right or wrong. Committed for trial.

IMPUDENT BURGESS—William Burgess, a well-known thief, who has been convicted of felony several times, and has undergone four years, penal servitude, was charged with committing a daring highway robbery with violence, and Charles Bryant was charged with endeavouring to rescue Burgess from the custody of a police-constable. Mr. Charles Cates, of No. 9, Thomas-place, Byron-street, Poplar, stated the other afternoon at ten minutes past six o'clock he was passing along Ratcliffe-highway, opposite Old Gravel-lane, when the prisoner came behind him, jumped on his back, and his hand into his right trouser pocket. The prisoner said

"It's all right, I know you, mate." He shook off the prisoner, and tried to hold him by the hand, but he could not do so. The prisoner struck him on the face, and a gang, consisting of six men and two women, surrounded him and were all striking him together. He lost a half-crown and a florin from his pocket; that was all the cash there was in it. He had not tasted any strong drink for four years. Mr. John Plait, of No. 7, New-street, Poplar, was with Mr. Cates. They were walking side by side. He suddenly seized the prosecutor, and on turning round saw the prisoner in his grasp. There were men and women about him, who attacked him with great fury. He and his friend were overpowered and were compelled to release the prisoner, who ran down Old Gravel-lane. They, however, followed the prisoner, who immediately stopped, walked back to him and his friend, and dealt a blow at his face. He stopped down, and as luck would have it the blow intended for his face went over his shoulder, and turned round and saw two of the gang had got Mr. Cates up in a corner and were striking him. He fought his way among them and released his friend. They continued in spite of three's and ill-use, to follow the prisoner down Old Gravel-lane, until a man coming by said there was a police-constable standing on the other side of the bridge. The prisoner, that had pulled his coat off as if he was returning from work, and threw it across his arm. As soon as witness saw a policeman, near the swivel-bridge, he grasped the prisoner by the arms and held him tight until the constable came to his assistance. William Gaylor, a policeman, No. 203 K, stated that he saw the last witness clasp the prisoner in his arms and heard him call for help. The prosecutor gave the prisoner in charge for robbing him of 4s. 6d. The prisoner made a most determined resistance, and used fearful language. The female prisoner tried to rescue Burgess, and took something out of his coat pocket. Mr. Partridge discharged the female prisoner, and committed Burgess to take his trial for highway robbery with violence at the next Old Bailey Sessions. As the rest of the gang were known, he hoped the police would look after them, and, if possible, effect the capture of them all.

A PARTRIDGEACROSS PARRIS—Donald Thompson, a strong and vigorous old man, who says he is sixty years of age, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with refusing to do the work assigned to him in the City of London Union-house, Bow-road. The prisoner has been before the magistrates at least fifty times in the course of the last fifteen years, and his grievances, real and imaginary, have been investigated by Poor-law boards, guardians, magistrates, and aldermen. He has tired out everybody. He was lately committed for a month by Mr. Paget. The prisoner came out of prison on Tuesday morning week, and found his way into the union-house the same night. Mr. Edwin Holland, labour master, said the prisoner was requested to pick oakum, but would not, and had been idle three days. The prisoner would like the magistrate to read his correspondence with the workhouse, and to the infirmary ward, where he was placed, and not to the poor-board and other masters. Mr. Partridge said he would not like to do it. The prisoner said he was 12. Mr. Partridge: Will you be examined by the union doctor? Thompson: No. I have no faith in him. I wish you to read the certificate of a physician. I have been committed twenty times. I require the justice which is due to a British subject. I am a pure born Briton, though a pauper. Mr. Partridge: The work assigned to you is reasonable. You are only required to pick some oakum. Thompson said he objected to the infirmary ward, where he was placed, and not to the work. He complained that his letters were intercepted. Holland said this was not the case. Mr. Partridge said the prisoner was incorrigible, and sentenced him to twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour in Holloway prison. Thompson: Thank you, sir. I am glad I am going back to Holloway. Good day, Mr. Partridge; good day, sir. I wish to be courteous to you and all magistrates.

ASSAULT ON A FEMALE—Isaac Levy, a well-dressed Jew, aged 29, cigar maker, of 3, Osborne-court, Whitechapel, was charged on remand with assaulting Eleanor Young, Mr. Jepp's beautician, collector, defended the prisoner. On Friday night week the complainant, who is a machinist, and wife of a mechanician residing in White Horse place, Stepney, was talking to a friend in the Commercial-road, at the corner of Old Church-road, when the prisoner, who was intoxicated, came up and the complainant with him. He came up to her and again and again, and at last she raised her hand and pushed him away. He then struck her a blow on the breast, and knocked her down. She got up and ran to a housewife called the Waterman's Arms opposite which she had been standing, and saved herself from additional violence. A police-constable saw the prisoner stagger against the woman and knock her down, and took him into custody. The woman did not appear on Saturday, but Mr. Partridge remanded the prisoner, and insisted that the complainant should attend. Mr. Smith said the defendant was a very respectable and sober man who had hitherto maintained a good character. He belonged to a people among whom drunkenness was rare, and who seldom committed assaults on women. He deeply regretted the assault on the complainant. A witness was called as to his character. Mr. Partridge said it was deeply to be regretted that the prisoner should have forgotten himself. He considered drunkenness was no excuse, but an aggravation of the offence charged. He sentenced the prisoner to a fine of £5, and in default to six months' imprisonment.

SOUTHWARK.

A FAUCEDENT WATCHMAKER—Hermon Carpenter, watch and clock maker, of Snow's-fields, Bermondsey, was charged with fraudulently counterfeiting to his own use upwards of twenty watches and clocks estimated to him to repair. It appeared that the prisoner's father had for many years carried on business in Snow's-fields, and at his death the prisoner succeeded to his trade and connexion. In consequence of that a number of the neighbours and their friends continued to send their watches and clocks to him for repair. The prisoner, however, soon showed his dishonesty by neglecting to perform the work and putting off his customers from time to time until they became tired of calling. Representations were made to his court by twenty or thirty people in the course of the last six months. The result was that all the property entrusted to him was discovered at various pawnbrokers where the prisoner had pledged them almost as soon as he got them into his possession. A warrant was issued, and he was apprehended a week ago by McCarthy, 184, M, who found on him fourteen pawnbrokers' duplicates relating to most of the property. As soon as the prisoner was placed at the bar the court was crowded by the owners of the property and the pawnbrokers. Louise Ann Birch, residing with her parents at 24, Bermondsey-wall, said she knew the prisoner, and about a year ago her father took her watch to him for repair. "Since then she had repeatedly called on the prisoner but could never get her watch. She now identified it in the hands of the pawnbroker. Elizabeth Carpenter, the wife of a bricklayer residing in Snow's-fields, said that on the 3rd of last month she gave the prisoner her husband's watch to repair, and he was to have brought it home that same evening. He did not do so, and she had since discovered it in the hands of a pawnbroker. Richard Barrows, No. 3, Gaubald-terrace, Blue Anchor-lane, Bermondsey, said that a month ago he took three watches to the prisoner to be repaired. He could never get them or find the prisoner afterwards, but he had since discovered them at a pawnbroker's. There were twenty other cases of a similar nature wherein the pawnbrokers produced the property, which was also identified, but the magistrate did not consider it necessary to burden the deposition with more evidence than had already been taken. The prisoner admitted pledging the watches, and Mr. Burcham fully committed him for trial.

LAMBETH.

A CLERGYMAN IN HIS CHURCH—The Rev. Godfrey Arshly, a clergyman of the Church of England, aged 40, was charged with being drunk and assaulting Police-constable George Gosling, 41, L. Gosling said that about half-past two o'clock that morning, while on duty in the Kennington-road, the prisoner came up to him and without the slightest provocation on his part, slapped his face. On being asked why he did it, he said he was a clergyman, and was going to see Lord Palmerston that morning. He then slapped the witness's face a second time. The prisoner was evidently drunk, and on his striking the complainant on the face a third time the latter gave him into custody. Police-constable Joseph Fletcher, 25, L, said he came up while the last witness and the prisoner were together. The prisoner, who was drunk, said "Whom are you looking at?" and pushed his head against him. He saw the prisoner slap the face of Gosling the third time. In reply to the charge, the defendant, who resides at No. 9, Kewington-crescent, said he had been out to a dinner party and unfortunately drunk too much wine. He was exceedingly sorry for his conduct. Mr. Elliott convicted him in a penalty of 7s, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.

WOOLWICH.

DARING GAZOTTES ROBBERY—Thomas Murphy, and Michael Hackett, an artilleryman, were placed at the bar before Mr. Train, on a remanded charge of violently assaulting Frederick Drake of Ball's-road, Lillington, and stealing from his person the sum of nineteen shillings. From the evidence taken at this and a prior examination it was proved that on Wednesday week the prosecutor, who is a young man of respectable appearance, came down to Woolwich for the purpose of viewing the despatch-barracks, &c., and whilst walking on the common he entered into conversation with Hackett and other soldiers, whom he treated at various public-houses, Murphy being also in their company. Shortly after sunset, the prisoners proposed to show the prosecutor "short out" from Shooter's-bill to the town of Woolwich, and he was induced to accompany them to a by-lane, where Hackett seized him by the throat and nearly choked him, whilst Murphy robbed him of all the money in his possession. During the struggle, the prosecutor was rolled in the mud and much injured. The depositions were now made out, and both prisoners fully committed for trial at the Midsummer assizes.



THE KING OF DELHI'S WIVES. (See page 623.)

Literature
HIGHLAND JESSIE;
 OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.
 A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS WILL FIND DIFFERENCES OF OPINION
SOMETIMES.

It was the 9th of June when that memorable row between Wilhelmina Skeggs and Jubelina Electrina Fisher took place.

It will therefore be observable to those who are nice on the question of dates, that the Presidency had been in the occupation of the English at Lucknow something over a week.

There is nothing very remarkable in that, but there is much cause for astonishment in the contemplation of the fact that, though Juby and Mina had become acquainted on the first of the month, on the early morning of the 9th of June they were not enemies.

And yet, perhaps, the philosopher could show—for your real philosopher has spectacles to fit every difficulty—that it was very natural that Juby and Mina should take to each other, and keep friends for a whole week. He would in all probability have pointed out that, perhaps, they liked each other in a peculiar and happily personal way, because each woman felt the other was not her superior. He might, perhaps, have agreed that though they were of different qualities of womanhood they were quite equal in degree. This stands to say, that Miss Skeggs was quite as low a snob (if a philosopher might dare to use such a word, classic as it is amidst the cream of society) as Mrs. Fisher was a shrew.

If the philosopher was unusually plain-spoken—for a philosopher—he might have said that Juby and Mina came together on the principle that a couple of sailors must meet and stick together in a crowd, or a couple of prize-fighters are half-fellow-shake-mawleys, and eminent friends within a minute's meet at a chance sporting public-house.

The lads of the 3-ib, not being philosophers, if we except their determination generally to do their duty for the sake of "Rule Britannia and God save the Queen"—the lads of the 3-ib, who noted this friendship, and thought it worth criticism, had a general impression that there "was a pair on 'em."

And perhaps this opinion was philosophy in something under half a dozen words.

Mrs. F. and the Lurcher—for by the 4th of June Wilhelmina Seraphine Skeggs had obtained this title, which she could no more shake off than she could change her upwards nose into a long Roman—Mrs. F. and the Lurcher got on sweetly.

The moment Mina pointed and set at the Fisher 'colony—and it was a practice of hers to drop down on the tent at all possible and impossible hours—that moment would Jubelina show all the teeth nature and the regimental assistant-surgeon (who always does the tooth business) had left her, and said, "How d'ye do, Miss Skeggs?"

"Quite well, dear," would Mina say, showing all her teeth, which were an undoubted improvement upon the sergeantess's dentistry. And then these two estimable companions, who never had a good word for anybody, and made life about them almost as uncomfort-

able as sitting down on tin-tacks turned upwards, began a kind of love-amongst-the-roses conversation which was enough to aggravate any ordinary saint. Old Job was no ordinary saint, or he could not have borne it. In fact, as it was, if he was sitting amongst his laces and penates when the Lurcher came in, he generally beat a retreat in—to use military language—the very worst of order. Absolutely, he has declared that he has finished his toilette in the open air on more than one occasion when giving up the home-citadel to Skeggs.

What did they talk about?

Have you ever heard two Irish ladies of the commonest species having a row? If so, you will have remarked that the adjectives get stronger and stronger every moment, till the language is nothing but epithet, while the hands are smacked together defiantly nearer and nearer the enemy's nose, till you expect every moment a thorough breach of her Majesty's peace.

So it was with Skeggs and Fisher. Each in turn so flattered the other by progressively saying stronger and stronger unflattering things of third parties in particular, and all parties and things in general, that they made each other quite happy in a wretched kind of way.

Mrs. Fisher did not mince matters. She took condolence out of the Lurcher as regarded Job Fisher himself. In descanting upon the habitual conduct towards herself of that martyr in uniform, Mrs. Fisher would look at the sergeant's supposed faults through an imaginary telescope of constant increasing power; while, in taking a glance now and again at his certain good qualities, she did so through a mental microscope not worth an ideal nine-pence.

Then Skeggs would batter the reputation of Mrs. Colonel Pinto, her lady, to whom she never referred except as "she" and "her," laying such an emphasis upon each of those personal pronouns that both sounded like truly bad language. Skeggs appeared to find comfort—really comfort in this fashion of remark, in which she was supported by the female Fisher, who would say, "What's she up to?" in a manner which to Skeggs was simply consolation.

She was a rather estimable, good-hearted, weak woman, who gave her maid no trouble, and good wages, and rarely asked for anything, if not in the words themselves.

But were Skeggs and Madame Fisher really happy at any time, even when they were quite frightfully ripping up the characters of their neighbours?

Happy—it was quite impossible that they could be even contented; for happiness, as everybody knows, consists, not in the benefits we obtain for ourselves, but in those we confer on others; not in what is given to us, but in what we bestow.

No—as Skeggs and Madame Fisher rarely gave even a good word to anybody, and never did a good action, even to themselves, how could either be happy?

On the other hand, how happy Mrs. Maloney (in the next tent with her husband—they had no children) would have been in conferring something on the scandal-loving couple. It is true, this something was the brisk knocking of both their heads together—but, assault as it was, Mrs. M. would have slept in serenity after the deed.

To return to the early morning of that 9th of June.

Skeggs and Fisher were better friends than they had even ever been, for Mina had culminated her sweet efforts to possess the heart of her dear friend by the appropriation—in other words, the theft—on the previous evening, of a cake of Windsor soap from the *her* store—Mrs. Colonel Pinto's, understood.

It will be remembered that the moment the siege began, Mrs. Fisher became difficult in the way of soap, and that she had in-

sisted upon that of Windsor, though all her life she had very calmly (for her) accepted ordinary household yellow as suitable to all her purposes and demands.

She had driven old Job nearer mad than ever by her clamorous demands for the Windsor—she had finally showed him the dear baby's back, off which a fraction of skin had departed, and this fracture she laid to the yellow soap and the sergeant, saying, "Look, you rascal—look! My blessed Jerry's raw, you brute, because you won't get me a cake of Windsor, you coward!"

The wretched sergeant had tried all over the camp for the toilette article in question, and of course unsuccessfully. He was chaffed till he was nearly raw himself while hunting down this Windsor soap. The men began to call him Lord Windsor behind his back.

It was no use. It was not likely he would find a depot for fancy soap in the besieged Residency. Half the sergeants of whom he made inquiry had never heard of the article in question, and Fisher was afraid to apply in the only quarter where he could rationally hope to find help in this wretched misery.

But he had almost made up his mind, in his despair, to write to his colonel's wife, and ask that lady for the soap, when, upon coming into camp on the evening of the 8th (the evening of the day after the court-martial—she had been herself again by that time full four-and-twenty hours), she rushed at him shrieking

"There, you dog—there, you dog! There's the Windsor soap, and what do you say to that?"

"Say?" said he, in a kind of amiable growl. "Say, Juby? Why did now you have got it, surely you can hold your tongue about it?"

Hold her tongue!

Fisher was a clear-headed man, and therefore when he committed himself to that remark, it must really be looked upon in one or two ways, either as only a remark, or as illustrating how great is the blessing of illimitable hope, which can even suggest that a shrewd person is able to sign a treaty of peace.

She went on about that wretched fourporth of washing stuff for so long and in such a key, that Mrs. Maloney in the next tent would have been happier than ever to have done Mrs. F. some mild mischief.

The way Jubelina ran down the sergeant, and ran up (if we may be allowed that new antithesis) Wilhelmina Skeggs, was perfect. A chance anybody hearing those panegyrics, and not knowing their circumstances, would have come to the conclusion that Skeggs was almost an angel, and the sergeant quite the opposite. As it was, no chance ear heard the remarks, and nobody but Jubelina herself even half believed them.

The sergeant was very pale next morning, as well he might be, for he had had a nightmare of soap after he ceased to hear of it, and for six hours he was swimming in a vat of that purifier, while the wife of his sighing b-som was endeavouring to push him to the bottom by means of Miss Skeggs, who in his nightmare took the shape of a kind of ladie.

All the circumstances considered, it is not wonderful that Jubelina welcomed Skeggs next morning with every tooth she had in her head.

And yet, if Skeggs had minutely examined her (Fisher's) face—which she did not, for Mina never earnestly looked at any face, not even her own, for her gaze in that direction was at a smirking reflection—if Skeggs had but have examined Jubelina's features, she might have taken a warning, and discreetly have retired from the shape of a kind of ladie.

She did no such thing. She smiled upon Jubelina, and immediately began running down her—Mrs. Colonel Pinto, understood.

Now Jubelina was in that state when somebody had to be a



THE ROYAL CHARIOT IN THE COURTYARD OF THE KING'S PALACE AT DELHI (See page 625.)

victim. Jerry had already become one, Nebby and Obby had suffered, and only young Job had escaped.

So far, the memory of the court-martial had held him sacred from a "clip over the ear," or a "wipe on the head," or "one in the jaw,"—matters to which the drummer had been much accustomed, and which he had baptised accordingly.

The sergeant, expressing a low, long whistle, had left the family tent, and gone out amongst the cannonading and musketry for a little quiet.

The fire from the enemy was very active that day, as some body was to learn to somebody's cost.

There was a reason why young Job could not escape.

Miss Skeggs was no lady, but she was a woman, and young Job was in no condition to fly.

To be frank—though this is a matter calling for much delicacy of expression—he was mending a part of his regiments, a garment of which he only possessed one example. This garment had met with a reverse on the previous day, and this reverse young Job was repairing with a large piece of cloth in the shape of the letter O.

Like most soldiers and sailors of all ages and places, he was good at a needle and thread, and could, in such affairs, at least, declare himself free of his mother.

He was sitting, stitching away, with half of his body and all his legs enveloped in one of the family blankets, when Skeggs entered with her set-fair countenance.

He could not retreat, so he turned the colour of his coat, only brighter—for that military garment, as an envelope, was older than young Job as a boy; and he began stitching with a sedateness which would have become a reasonable Quaker.

He stitched away, barely hearing what was said, and certainly not understanding it, for he was paying no attention to the cackle.

His mother broke out in half a moment. When old Job questioned young Job on the matter, the latter solemnly said, "Mother 'ad been calling her dear, and she'd been calling mother diter (a), when, all on a sudden, she opened fire on 'er, and there they was like jest a couple o' batteries."

The little difference, however, by the aid of what the sergeant heard from his wife, and what Mrs. Maloney picked up in her own tent in the way of a listener (she never heard any good of herself from the Fisher quarters)—the small quarrel, we say, may be fairly fixed together.

The fast friends had been at it in the mutually complimentary manner for about five minutes, when the divergency began.

"What, dear?" said the sergeantess, in a quiet, sharp voice, which Skeggs, had she been an ordinary woman, might have taken of itself as a storm-warning.

"Which I said," urged Wilhelmina, "that parting the children's hair more in my way than yours, dear, hewin' to my nails being longer and delicater than yours, love."

"What, dear?" louder still on the part of the sergeantess.

"Longer and delicater than yours, sweet."

Whereupon, without any warning, Mrs. Fisher said, "Minx!"

"Mum!" said Skeggs, frosty in a moment.

"As good as yours, baggage—as good as yours, baggage—and, what's more, better baggage!"

"Mum!" repeated Skeggs, resolving herself into scorn.

"Don't mum me, you baggage!"

"Wumumum!" said Skeggs.

"Woman?" screamed Fisher—"woman, you baggage? Say woman again if you dare, you slut!"

It was at this point that the next remarks were enfeebled as far as Mrs. Maloney was concerned, by little Jerry putting in an appearance and a voice, and squalling lustily.

"Which," said Miss Skeggs, looking calmly at the most innocent nails that had caused the disturbance, and speaking as cool as a cucumber—"which, mum, I am scared you have demeaned yourself with spirit in this mornin'."

"What?" screamed Mrs. Fisher, showing all her teeth, but this time not with pleasure. She looked, indeed, very much like a fierce old cat about to pounce.

"Which," said Miss Skeggs, raising that nose of hers in a manner which was phenomenal—"which I were not intended to repeat my words to lowness."

"Oh! if I only hadn't got my Jerry! Job, come and take your brother."

"Please, mother, I can't."

"It's fortunate for her as you can't, my dear boy."

"Which I will wish you good morning," said the Skeggs, "pityin' much the pore man, which you know to whom I refer, and a happy release."

"Oh, I hadn't got my Jerry!"

"Which I shall take a hearty hoppertoonity of informin' Miss Jessie McFarlane of your hopin' hof 'er, WUMMUN!"

With this word, which it would appear was Mrs. Fisher's weakness, Miss Skeggs beat a hasty retreat, really fearing an onslaught, in spite of the peace-preserving impediment in the shape of little Jerry. Miss Skeggs had only known the dear woman for a week. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that she supposed Fisher, big and brawny as she appeared, was capable of much damaging onslaught. Skeggs did not know that the sergeantess was a coward.

But the moment Wilhelmina's back was turned, Fisher felt the courage of "a tiger of the female gender;" and being still hampered with her Jerry, and also, perhaps, being still unequal to the vigour of a hand to hand engagement with the new enemy, she caught up the first thing that came to hand, and flung it at the fugitive.

Now this something happened to be that fatal cake of Brown Windsor. She was washing her Jerry at the identical time.

It must have hit her in the back, for she yelped, but, strange to say, it was never found again. It was gone—with Wilhelmina.

We may as well add here, and in order to have done with that paltry soap at once, that the noise she made over losing it was only equal to the disturbance she had effected before procuring the Brown Windsor; and when young Job suggested "perhaps it stuck in her crinoline" (b), she boxed his left ear to that extent it felt for full five minutes double the size of the right.

Wherever that soap went, it is certain Juby had to go back to common household yellow. In a very short time after that, the English at Lucknow would have been very glad to get anything that could be called soap, even by the ardent stretch of the liveliest imagination.

But the rejection of the Windsor did not conclude the scene.

Maloney may not have heard the quarrel in its entirety, owing to the young Jerry's complaints; but everybody heard the final remark which Mrs. Fisher shot out from the hanging canvass door of her castle.

But as for reporting what Jubeline called her Wilhelmina—NO.

Miss Skeggs survived it pretty well, and indeed walked on without any appearance of being hit; but her impression may be gathered from this remark, made to Colonel Pinto's orderly:—

"Which, if what I knewed I howed meseif 'edn't upheld me, I must a fainted!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SIR CLIVE ST. MAUR.

MRS. COLONEL O'GOGGARTY, nee Flory O'Flarkey, was much concerned for Sir Clive St. Maur.

She had never learnt the truth of Lota St. Maur's flight—never

(a) A report sent in to inquire as to the meaning of this word, explains it. The boy meant "ditto."

(b) Inquiries made as to meaning of this word. The sergeant said it should have been "crinoline."

She was, however, a woman to make inquiries, and a woman who would have her inquiries made complete by answers.

And as Doctor Phil Effingham had begun this business of Lota St. Maur with lies, so he had to continue it.

The doctor it was who stilled the good lady's earnest inquiries after Lota by a quiet "Hush!" and the additional intelligence that she had quarrelled with her husband and left his home, and that, perhaps, the less said to St. Maur the better.

"Sure, yes," she said, in quick reply. "Bedad, if she's gone she's gone, and more shame for her, bein' a fine man, and not his match to be found every day in the week."

"Yes, yes, you're right," said the doctor, almost smiling to remark how readily O'Goggarty had not only caught at his meaning, but added an idea of her own to it.

And, thereupon, Phil was quite content to know that an explanation of Lota's disappearance would spread.

He had no need to utter any more mild untruths—as white lies have been called.

Sure enough, Mrs. O'Goggarty, within half an hour of receiving what she called information, had on her sprucest bonnet, and went her rounds with the news.

That was on the morning preceding the night of the massacre.

The news was accepted, as news of a similar character was received in what may now be called, seeing the East India Company has ceased to exist, the old Indian time. Whatever respect the Anglo-Indians had for nine out of the ten commandments, the remaining one was a matter for some morality, talk, and a good deal of scandal.

The times are altered for the better in these days. In the old, the running away of one man with another man's wife was rather a social event than a social crime.

But the English in Lucknow had not long to talk over this event. Ere the twenty-four hours of that day had ended, many of those who had talked over the scandal, some lightly, few seriously—many of these conversation-mongers lay dead in the streets of the city, or were being burnt to cinders in flames fed by their own houses.

The rest were sheltered in the Residency.

All this the reader knows; but it is sometimes necessary to repeat a statement when it refers to varying characters.

The English in the Residency being once there, had other matters to think of than as to where Lota St. Maur had fled.

They had to battle for their lives, to work to plot, to economize, to do one another good offices, to hope, and to pray.

Even Mrs. O'Gog, a woman with the warmest heart, and Lota's most fervent friend—even the Colossus only thought of her at long intervals, and then only when she was reminded of the wife by the sight of the gloomy husband.

It was a busy time, that first week in the Residency, a time when hope was strong, and all worked as you will see a child work as he sees the holiday time approach—with the very energy of hope.

It was impossible, all, or nearly all thought, that the Indians were really successful. Relief would immediately arrive, the Indians were driven back, and the old order of things soon recommence. But no.

The old order of things was never to recommence.

Be it said, Mrs. O'Goggarty had too much to look after to think much of her old friend Lota, except at odd sentimental moments (few and far between), when Mrs. O'Gog was neither fatiguing herself with hard hospital and tent-to-tent visiting work, nor sleeping off the effect of the same in such noisy sleep that she had blushed had she heard it consciously. Let the word *conscious* be observed; for, in truth, she often woke herself with her own riot, when she laid her wakefulness at once to the mosquitoes, and "bodered" those tigers of winged insects in the strongest of strong Irish accents.

O'Goggarty had her hospital, and her visits, and her accounts to book to look after; and, to do her justice on the score of her duty, it is only fair to state that she thought more of Dr. Phil Effingham than she did of her own lawful husband. Indeed, she gave that medical man the opportunity to exhibit his vast store of patience; for she gave the poor man not one moment's peace. So, so you see, if she did not think much of Lota St. Maur, she cannot be blamed over much.

It was only when she saw St. Maur himself that O'Gog thought of his wife, and then the broad-hearted Irishwoman pitied him, sure, from the top of her soul.

As for St. Maur, it is almost impossible to attempt to analyze his mind. Such an analysis may be comprehended, but it does not follow that it will admit of description.

The comparison I am about to make may be painful, but, nevertheless, it is the only one that occurs to my mind, after some hard thought, as fitted to the matter in hand.

Have you ever seen a good house-dog, still chained, which has been deprived of its young? If so, you can comprehend Clive's case as it appeared to his companions, and as it appeared apart from the inner workings of his wicked soul.

He did his duty as the house-dog would do—sullenly, gloomily, but with a knowledge of what was required of him.

But you saw the angry despair written on his face, in his every movement, and in his every act.

The comparison I am about to make may be painful, but, nevertheless, it is the only one that occurs to my mind, after some hard thought, as fitted to the matter in hand.

What were his thoughts?

What were the thoughts of Samson bound?

What—if the inferior animal world thinks—what are the thoughts of the swelled fly?

They are all concentrated in one word.

"Liberty."

The place stilled St. Maur.

He wanted liberty; liberty to find her; liberty to reach his child; liberty to act for himself, and to act under the command of no other man than himself.

His wretchedness was almost more than he could bear.

He thought it could not be intensified.

Poor man—poorer father! What if he had been told that his boy was in the power of the Hindoo enemy?

Happy, so far, this misery was spared him. Throughout the wretched time he passed at Lucknow, throughout the weary hours he passed elsewhere, as fugitive, as Parsee, as prisoner, as a condemned man, he never knew the actual cause of his wife's flight—her knowledge that their child was in the hands of the enemy.

The first four or five days of the life in the Residency had passed before the feverish life Clive was leading began to tell upon him.

It was about the 4th or 5th of June that he complained to Phil of his bodily ailments. He told his old friend how he could not sleep for hours, however fagged he might be when he lay down; how at last, as he fell asleep, the ground below him appeared to float away with him, and to rise and fall like a heavy sea; and how, when he awoke of a morning, he barely had any power of movement.

Phil foresaw in all these symptoms coming fever—such fever as very soon found out the beleaguered English in that month of June.

Effingham then little thought that these complaints were ever to justify him in an attempt to save his friend's life.

He heard them, shook his head, said little, thought much, and administered the usual physic.

"Surely," he said to Chaplain Graham (who had plenty to do in

these hard times, exhorting his men to patience, cheerfulness, and mutual help, and setting a delightfully good example himself), "Surely Clive will be able to fight against his love for a faithful wife; surely he'll know how to do that, if it's only for the sake of the boy. Hang it, the boy has got no mother, at least let him have a father!"

Phil never knew till long after how cruelly he misjudged Lota St. Maur. He will never quite forgive himself for his bad opinion, even to his dying day. He was not to blame, for he but judged and decided upon good evidence; but this Phil Effingham was a man who was always harder upon himself than upon any other man. He will never forgive himself his hard thoughts in reference to Lady St. Maur.

And I speak of him in the present tense simply because he is living, and plainly because I have no desire to make this narrative mèlè-dramatic by letting his life or death remain in doubt by speaking wholly in the past tense.

But though Phil Effingham used hopeful words in speaking to Graham of Olive's bodily health, his thoughts did not coincide with his words.

He was afraid.

He feared that Clive, worn down as he was by several years' anxieties, disappointments, and much hard work (done in the Crimea), that he might not be able to weather a fever in his present state of agitation and uncertainty.

It was on the 6th or 7th of the month that the name of Clive's wife became a common word in the mouths of the soldiery of the 3rd.

The facts of the whole Indian mutiny being now before us in as complete a form as perhaps they ever will appear, it can readily be understood how that rumour took root which had such an immediate effect upon the life of Sir Clive St. Maur.

There can be little doubt that the system of espionage was carried on in perfection on both sides of the war during the whole progress of the mutiny.

The enemy was quite as well informed of our condition as we of theirs. Perhaps better.

This state of affairs can readily be accounted for.

The native Indian may lack courage, but he does not want for clear, comprehensive brains. The English could not have existed without the help of native servants; and as much may be said of the enemy, who had no time to attend upon themselves.

Hence it happened that the natives were enabled to fetch and carry news, as well as necessities—water the first amongst them—and therefore each was readily made acquainted (for payment) with the condition and circumstances of the other.

There can be little doubt that men in the pay of the Nana Sahib circulated that report in reference to Lota St. Maur, which had the desired effect upon Clive St. Maur, but not in the exact direction which the Nana had intended it to take.

The rumour circulated first amongst the privates of the 3rd.

They denied a belief in the whisper at first; but when, time after time, it was asserted, they half accepted the statement; and then it was that the men of Clive's company began to look at him gravely, sadly, and yet severely, as he passed along their ranks or before their tents.

Gradually the news rose up and up in the regiment, and so at last it reached Mrs. O'Goggarty's ears.

Now, had she been a quiet, guarded English lady, or a cautious Scotch one, the news might never have reached Clive, and all would have been well; for it is a strange but thoroughly well-known fact, that a husband is generally the last man of all his acquaintances to learn a rumour which tells against his wife.

But on the contrary, Mrs. O'Goggarty—born Amelia O'Flarkey—was an ardent, warm-blooded Irish lady, who no sooner heard the "scandal," as she called it, than she handed over the hospital saucepan, in which she was making hospital arrow-root, with something of the air of it being too hot to hold, and as she was, with a face almost as red as the fire she had been standing over, she made for Clive's quarters.

"What?" she thought, as she trudged on her way, "is it a traitor she was? Not a bit of it—for her eyes were faithful as my dog's. Sure she may have been fool enough to run afid wid another man, but it's not herself 'ud run afid wid injuns."

In all of which Mrs. O'Goggarty was right, and Mrs. O'Goggarty was wrong; for while she was correct in believing that Lota had not "run afid" with the Indians, she was a long way from the mark when she surmised that Lady St. Maur had eloped with a white gentleman.

How—how would Amelia O'Goggarty have repented had she been told that the only fault Lota had committed was the desertion of her husband in order to find their child?

But she had no idea of repentance as she puffed on towards Clive's camp mess-room. So far from repentance, she was hurrying on the road of sin—if so strong an expression may be allowed as descriptive of committing herself to a very deplorable action, and one of which she never allowed herself forgiveness.

She singled Clive out in a moment from half-a-dozen officers.

"How d'y'e do, lads?" she said to the lot, with a quick sweep of her black eyes, and then she immediately fixed those dark orbs upon Clive St. Maur. "Do ye know what they're just sayin' about your wife now?"

"My wife!" said Clive, starting, and as indeed did all the men present, past whom the news had floated up to the colonel's wife.

"Yes, yer wife it is!"

"What of her?" he asked wildly.

"Bedad, I thought it was bad enough what I thought."

"What was that?" Clive asked impudently.

Then he was left alone, meditating upon what he should do. And here is the place for a few words of inquiry on the question, Who circulated the certainly true report concerning Lota—that she had gone over to the Indians?

Unquestionably, the Nena.

For what purpose?

He was a man who was naturally so suspicious that his doubt was almost magnificent in its results, for he loved to make assurances doubly sure.

He had just obtained possession of the child, and then by the exercise of this advantage had laid his hands upon the mother.

This done, his active, tortuous mind suggested the idea of grasping the husband, and so finally playing off the wretched pair one against the other.

He foresaw that to force the belief of the Indians in Lota to its lowest depth, it was necessary that the child of the white man should die, and that it should appear he died by the will of his mother.

Then foreseeing that the loss of her child would render her desperate, he conceived the idea of retaining her by the threat of her husband's destruction.

With this end, therefore, in view of obtaining the possession of the baronet, the Nena, before quitting Bithoor with the Indian magnates who had been receiving his hospitality—before departing from his stronghold with his actual prisoner, the sybil-prophetess Lota, to Lucknow he sent messengers, who were to do the work of preparing Clive to follow his wife to the chief city, to the very metropolis of the mutineers.

But the Nena had counted without his victims. He supposed, with that intellectual low cunning in which he has rarely had superiors, that Clive, shocked at the news, would hold his wife in horror, and endeavour to forget her.

His idea then was to send a faithful messenger to him, as though coming from Lota herself, with the information that she was faithful to the English and to him, and that she had but quitted her husband to seek their child.

The Nena, with consummate low ability, argued to himself that this information, coupled with some token from his wife—a ring or other jewel, or even a lock of her hair, or a little shoe which the child had worn—would so act upon him, that he would experience such a revolution in his love would so blindly return with the knowledge of the injustice he had done her, that he would be as clay in the hands of the potter, would follow the messenger, and would fall, therefore, into the Nena's hands.

Now this plotting was splendid, granted that all the conditions laid down by the Nena were fulfilled.

But what if the baronet did not wait for the special messenger?

Then the well-built plot might fall to the ground.

It was the 2nd of June when the Nena quitted Bithoor. It was seven days' slow journeying to Delhi, and so it happened that Lota reached that city on the 9th of the month, that day when the rumour prepared and set in circulation by the Nena, to the effect that she was in Delhi, reached her husband's knowledge.

Now, if on that day Clive determined to set out for Delhi, it was probable, by hard riding, he could reach the city in three days' ride of a hundred miles a-day.

On that day, at noon-time, when the heat of the day had stopped the firing on both sides; when Mrs. O'Goggerty, in common with the majority of the camp, was asleep, enjoying the mid day siesta, Clive, haggard and wan, got up from the white linen covered sofa on which he had been half sitting, half lying for hours, and he said, "I'll go to Delhi. Either with or without leave; I'll be off to Delhi."

Meanwhile, as the husband thus determined, the wife was borne into the city like a goddess.

Her triumph was supreme.

The revived splendour of the old Court of Delhi surrounded her, and even the King's favourite wives came out to meet her (c).

(c) **DALHI.**—The ancient grandeur of Delhi was sought to be reproduced the moment the English flag was hauled down. The King's splendour was quite an especial matter. His very chariot blazed with jewels, to say nothing of his favourite wives. We give portraits this week of both chariot and wives—we put the chariot before the wives for all were chaste in the eyes of this estimable prince, and the chariot was the more valuable property. The puppet king, having been once set up, the search began for European life. Very many Europeans were fortunate enough to escape from the ill-fated station, some protected by the sepoys themselves; but others, and amongst them a large number of women and children, fell into the hands of the infuriated crowd, thirsting for the blood of "the infidel" and frenzied with *bhlang*. Of the exact scenes which transpired we learn little; few of the sufferers survived to tell the tale. We know, however, that about fifty helpless women and children who had hidden themselves in the palaces on the outbreak were subsequently discovered, and the whole murdered in cold-blood. A native letter (24th May) from the place says:—“To-day some fifty Europeans who had secreted themselves were killed. They are hunting for more, and if any are found they will be killed. It is like the practice of Nadir Shah. On Tuesday, the 13th of May, the king rode through the city, and encouraged the people to throw open their shops. But the people would not. The civilization of fifty-three years was destroyed in three hours. Good men were plundered, and scoundrels enriched. Finally, each sepoy regiment took possession of one of the Delhi gates, and most of the subahars and jemadars were promoted to generals and field-marshal, whilst the sepoys received fourteen rupees a month.” The Delhi mutineers thence despatched letters in every possible direction, calling on their brother sepoys to aid them; amongst others, one addressed to the mutineers of Bareilly and Moradabad, was intercepted. It ran as follows:—“From the officers of the army at Delhi to the officers of the Bareilly and Moradabad regiments. If you are coming to help us, it is incumbent on you that if you eat food there you wash your hands here, for here the fight is going on with the English, and, by the goodness of God, even one defeat to us is ten to them, and our troops are assembled here in large numbers. It is now necessary for you to come here, for large rewards and high rank will be conferred by the King of kings, the centre of prosperity, the King of Delhi. We are looking out most anxiously for you, like fasters waiting for the call of the muezzin. Our ears are intention the thunder of the cannon, and our eyes, like the eyes of the hawk, are watching your road. Now, also, it is incumbent on you, that you consider this call as very urgent and come, for our house is yours.”

“Come, come, for there is no rose
Without the spring of your presence.

The opening bud with draught

Is an infant without milk.”

There is no doubt that such calls as these met with quick response, and that thereby numbers were added to the defenders of Delhi.

The COURT-YARD OF THE KING OF DALHI.—Our engraving, from a sketch by Prince Solykhan, represents one of the court-yards in the Delhi Palace. The palace of the king was all that remained to the descendants of the Great Mogul till the mutiny broke out. Beyond its walls they had no more power than the humbleness of their mediæval; but within the walls the authority of the king had been for a long time absolute over some fifteen hundred persons, the greater number of whom consisted of the bazaar or market people, for within the precincts of the palace the king at various times, erected a considerable bazaar. The walls round the palace, which still exist, are built of red granite, and like some of the edifices which adorn Lucknow, remind the traveller of the Kremlin at Moscow, which, according to Prince Solykhan, is scarcely so fine, though larger.

The MASSACRE AT DALHI.—By the way, we have not yet given a description of the Delhi atrocities:—“On the morning of the 11th May, a party of the 3rd Light Cavalry made their appearance at Delhi. They had come over from Meerut (Meerut being the cradle of the mutiny) during the night, and were fully armed, and apparently wild with rage and excitement. They entered the Calcutta Gate without opposition from any of the police, and made their way directly towards Darjilingunge, shooting down in their progress all Europeans they met with. Notice was immediately sent up to the brigadier, and a regiment, with two guns, were sent down. The 54th marched through the Cashmere Gate in good order, but on the approach of some of the sepoys, the sepoys rushed suddenly to the side of the road, leaving their officers in the middle of the road, upon whom the troopers immediately came at a gallop, and, one after the other, shot them down. The colonel officers were, with the exception of Colonel Ripley, unarmed. The colonel

The Nena stood humbly in the background, watching. He did not look at her.

But had he done so, he might have remarked a new and awful light upon her face, which perhaps promised her victory in spite of herself—which threatened to contend for her when she had no power to wage war, and to overcome her arch-enemy.

Meanwhile, as she moved amongst the glittering thousands, princes and peasants alike bowing before her as she was carried to the palace, she marvelled greatly, saying to herself, “Why does my heart expand—why does happiness appear to be rushing through my veins?”

In truth, all this was the manifestation of that possible victory over the Nena by a means which he, in spite of all his intellectual cunning, had not foreseen.

So far, he feared not; and as he looked on the bunting thousands, he believed himself their master.

He was wrong.

He was to be conquered, even without the exercise of the WILL of the being who was to vanquish him.

(To be continued in our next.)

shot two of them before he fell; but with this exception, and one said to have been shot by Mr. Fraser, none fell. After butchering all the officers of the 54th, the troopers dispersed, and went among the sepoys of the 54th, shaking hands with them, and, it may be supposed, thanking them for their forbearance in not firing on the murderers of their officers. The troopers were perfectly collected; they rode up to their victims at full gallop, pulled up suddenly, fired their pistols, and retreated. The countenances of the troopers were the expression of manliness. One was a mere youth, rushing about flourishing his sword, and displaying all the fury of a man under the influences of *bhlang* (a kind of drug, similar in its effects to a small dose of opium). They were in full uniforms, and some had medals. The 54th made some show of firing their muskets, but the shot went, of course, over the heads of the troopers, who had evidently full confidence in the reception they were to meet with. Their plans must have been well matured. Meanwhile the people of the city were collecting for mischief; several bungalows at Darjilingunge had been fired; and as the day advanced, the Gaols of the villages round Delhi became alive to the chances of loot, and were ready for action. The whole city was up in arms, every European residence was searched, the troopers declaring that they did not want property but life (this was a very remarkable manifestation, which was not often repeated by sepoys). When they retired, the rabble ran after, and made a clear sweep from the pukkas to the floor mats. The Gojars are a race of men of the nomad tribes that originally peopled Hindostan. These Gojars are now partially settled, and live by a rude agriculture, sufficient for the poorest wants. Their old habits rendering them partial to wander with flocks and herds, rather than cultivate the soil, their chief occupation is that of cattle-living. As soon as the extent of the outbreak was known, it became necessary for the residents to seek some place of safety; and most of them made their way to the Flagstaff Tower, where the gun is fired. A company of the 35th Native Infantry and two guns were stationed here, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen were here well armed and resolved to defend themselves against the troopers. The tower is round and of solid brick-work, and was well adapted for the purpose—better in fact than any other building in Delhi. In selecting this spot the brigadier displayed considerable judgment, but he did not then know the extent of the catastrophe; for although the general demeanour of the troops was anything but subordinate, the actual state of the case was unknown. Many of the officers of the 35th still had confidence in their men, and endeavoured to reason with them when they showed symptoms of insubordination, sat on Colonel Graves' horse, and harangued the company stationed at the Flagstaff Tower. It became evident that they were in a state of mutiny, and that the slightest thing would induce them to turn at once against their officers and the other Europeans assembled on the hill. About a quarter to four o'clock in the afternoon the magazine in the city exploded—a puff of white smoke, and the report of a gun preceded the cloud of red dust which rose into the air. The explosion that followed was not so great as might have been expected, but the effect was complete. It was soon known that the explosion was not accidental, and that the gallant act of a Lieutenant Willoughby, commissary of ordnance, Delhi, and it is pleasing to be able to add that this brave young man escaped with only a severe scorching. About 1,500 persons, rebels, are said to have been blown up with the magazine.

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[MARCH 12, 1864.]

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The Four Shillings Battery most useful is a quart brown earthen jar, with zinc and zinc pot, containing bar of amalgamated zinc with binding screw. A Four-cell Maynooth Iron Battery, 1s. Six-cell Zinc & Battery, 3s. Five-cell carbon Battery, 3s. 40, ENDELL-STREET, LONG-ACRE.

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A water or air bed, cost £5., price 2s. Vapour bath, 2s. Weighing machine, 2s. Blacksmith's furnace, 2s. 6d., and 1s. 14 volumes of the "Lancet," 30s. A fern case, strongly made of zinc, 6ft high, 3ft 6in wide, 12-1/2 in. deep, price only 2s. An excellent camera and lens, by Gandin, with folding tripod stand, ditto, &c., price 2s. Model Casting-horn, with carved figure and syringe, to show the effects of air, 2s. 6d. The newly-invented miner's safety lamp, 1s.; they prevent explosion under any circumstance. Working model of a magneto-electric forge hammer, by Heorder, price 30s. One-gallon copper still, 1s. Two-gallon copper stills, 7s 6d. each. Glass gasometers, with 3 glass stop-cocks, 2s. Zinc gasometers, 1s. 15d., and 2s. each. Blow-pipe Bellow, 1s. 40, ENDELL-STREET, LONG-ACRE, W.C.

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Electrical Bells, of four or six, very handsome, 2s.

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Small Batteries, from 2s. 6d. to 6s.; Second-hand, 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.

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